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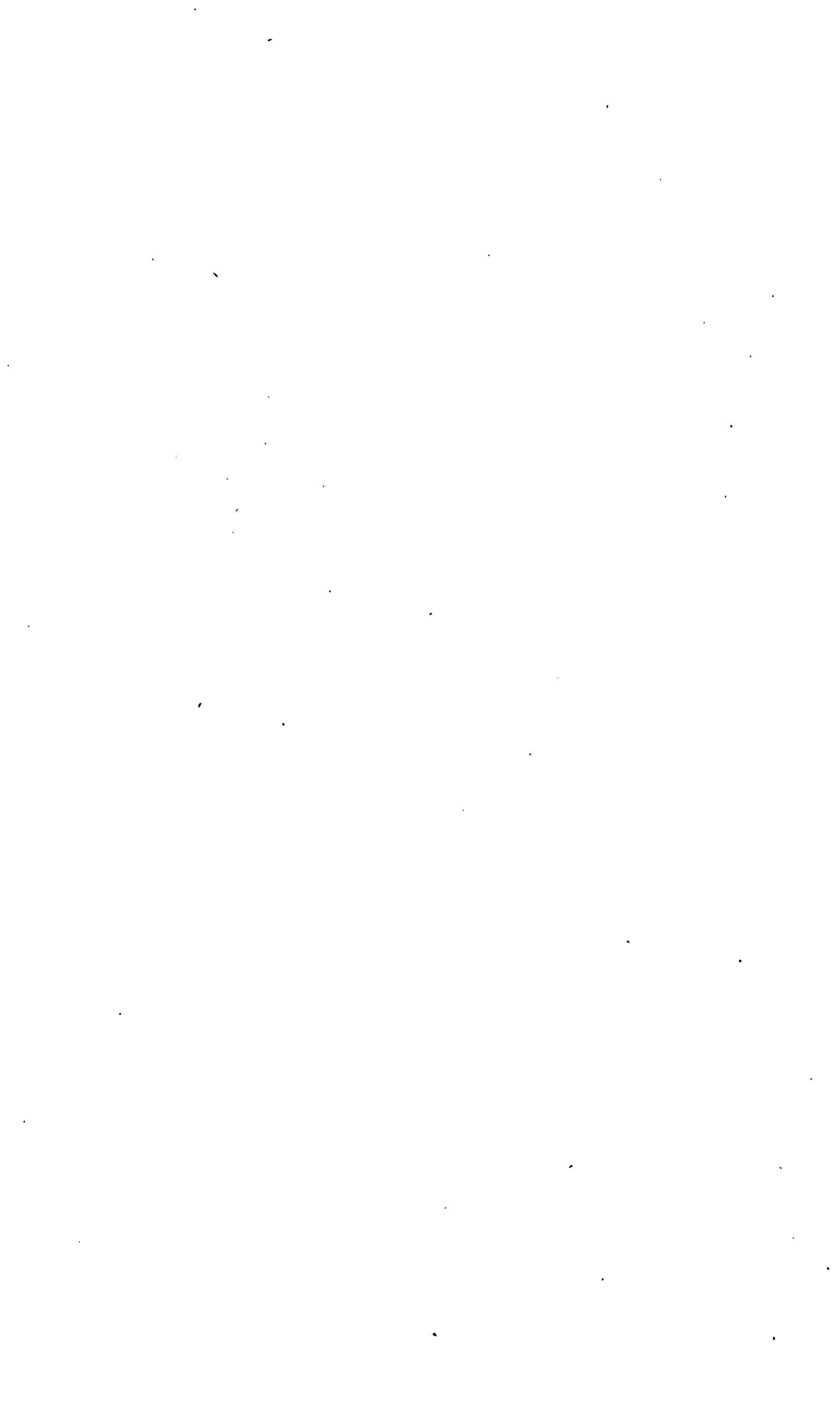
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LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS.



BY

THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
THOMAS HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

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TO

MISS LANDON,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY ONE OF THE MOST ARDENT ADMIRERS

OF HER GENIUS,

AND MOST SINCERE OF HER FRIENDS.

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LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS.

THE STIRRING DAYS OF OLD.

BRIGHT were the stirring Days of Old,
When Chivalry's proud sons and bold
 Their shining feats performed;
Faith, and Enthusiasm, and Zeal,
Clad them in proof from head to heel,
 And their brave spirits warmed.

Bright, stirring, glorious Days of Old !
When shall we more your like behold
 On this dull Earth below !
Ye're past, and much hath passed with ye
Of fair and famous, fine and free,
 Which we no more may know !

Then for some high and worthy prize
Did knights to combat bold arise,
 Fired with true Valour's glow—
The measured lists were marked and traced,
The crested champion firmly faced
 His helmed and haughty foe !

Then watched around the courtly crowd,
Then rang the bugle sharp and loud,
 Then spoke the Herald forth—
Then were the styles of each proclaimed,
And met the antagonists, far-famed,
 To try their martial worth.

By high endeavour, glorious strife,
Were beautified this barren Life,
 And roused keen hopes and fears—
Even as their aims were high and bold,
So did their spirits' powers unfold
 In those romantic years.

The stately, stirring, olden days !
When honour, and renown, and praise,
Were dear to every heart !
The natural glow of honest pride
Too often now seems thrown aside,
These days are days of Art !

The elevation and the zeal
Too seldom is it ours to feel—
Too seldom shine displayed—
Different these days from days of Old !
All is more cautious now and cold—
And measured, proved, and weighed !

The stirring, glorious, olden days !—
Oh ! they shall win our meed of praise,
Midst all our toils and cares—
While something like a dim regret
For grandeur sunk, and glories set,
Man's living spirit shares !

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

Weer not for me—Oh ! no, weep not!—Oh ! never weep
for me—

But pass along thy happier path, in gladness and in glee—
Weep not for me—Oh ! no, weep not—it would but be in vain,
'Twould but increase my suff'ring, 'twould redouble ev'ry
pain.

Let me see nought but joy and cheer upon thy bright
young brow,

Though sorrow darkly dwells on mine—and many a shadow
now,

A something like reflected hope, shall hovering, trembling
play,

'Midst sorrow and 'midst shadows then, o'er mine with
meteor-ray.

Through all my bitter trials, and through all my heavy woes,
That lengthen on and gather more, as they would never close,

Oh ! may I ever still behold, and still beholding, bless
Unenvyingly, in others, such sweet signs of happiness !

Then weep thou not for me, my Love—Oh ! weep thou not
for me,

But still fulfil thy fairer fate, with gladness and with glee,
So shall a soft reflected ray of pleasure light my soul,
Enough to illume my shortened path unto my shadowy goal.

HADDON HALL.

HADDON ! beneath thy dark walls frowning,
Which but the ghostly Ivy's crowning,
I muse upon the past !
Thou breath'st of old heroic story,
Legends of love and martial glory,
Of things too bright to last.

How did the Knights, with bold endeavour,
Here hand to hand, despairing never,
Dispute the radiant prize—
And royal banquets cheered them after,
Where all was song, and mirth, and laughter,
And light from ladye's eyes.

Then from the dais proud and splendid
To where the lengthened board was ended,
All, all—was glee and cheer—
Peasant and follower hastened hither,
The vassal and his lord together
Feasted as pheer with pheer.

Of old these grass-grown courts resounded,
These wild-weed terraces abounded
With movement and with mirth,
Of music and of merry doings,
Of courteous words, and courtly wooings,
There was no lack nor dearth.

Forth from these gates did ofttimes sally
The Falconer, clad in green suit gaily,
With hawk upon his fist—
While Ladye bright, paced slow and wary,
With tassel gentle, light, and airy,
Placed on her dazzling wrist.

The Ladye bright the sport attended
On palfrey decked with housings splendid,
And made her stately way
Through the proud knightly crowd admiring,
Each to a beamy smile aspiring,
Which shone with heavenly ray.

How did the gallant hawk soar proudly,
While deepened long and echoed loudly
The cheery à le vol!—
Each heart with expectation fluttered,
Each lip the cry—the challenge uttered,
It stirred the very soul !

Haddon ! thy bright days are departed,
And one unblessed and mournful-hearted
Sighs in congenial sort ;
O'er thy dark walls and terrace lonely,
Where sport the bat and raven only,
And o'er thy grass-grown court.

The Heart midst scenes thus silent muses—
Ah ! Ruins have their hallowed uses,
And point, and prompt, and preach
To stabler states—of surer seasons—
When Time shall cease his haughty treasons,
And much they mark and teach.

They teach, with mouldering towers and portals,
How vain the work of mould'ring mortals,
How fleeting their estate—
They nothing of the truth dissemble,
But show us, while they sink and tremble,
Our Future and our Fate.

But can we, on such subjects dwelling,
When heavily the heart is swelling,
Our loftier hopes forget?

Can we forget this truth transcendent,
That ours may be Heaven's realms resplendent,
When this Life's sun is set?

AND WOULD'ST THOU HAVE IT SO?

And would'st thou—would'st thou have it so,
My life—my love—my all below?
And is it thy sweet sovereign will?
And dost thou claim—command it still?—
So let it be then!—mine own treasure!
So let all be that gives thee pleasure!

All things but thee have past away,
Not for myself I hope or pray;

Not for myself can seek or strive,
For love and thee alone I live—
One aim is mine, and one endeavour
To serve thee and to stead thee, ever.

All things but thee have past away
(Which charmed me in a former day !)
From my clear, couched, and piercing eyes !—
I mock at Life's light vanities—
From my long fatal dream arising,
Abhorring these things and despising.

Yet, e'en these must I learn to prize,
And look upon more loving-wise,
If they thy dear regard can gain,
And clasp thee in their twining chain ;
For with thine eyes would I be seeing,
I would exist but in thy being.

These must I cherish—these must love,
If thou applaud them and approve,

And in all honour hold them still,
If they can bid thy young heart thrill
With aught of pride—with aught of pleasure—
My only hope—my only treasure !

I laugh to scorn Life's petty strife,
And all that appertains to Life—
But, Oh ! when it regardeth thee,
Its Shadows seem Reality !

And all I scarce deemed worth disdaining,
Is then my inmost soul en chaining !

Still when I think of thee—of thee,
Those things I scorned appear to be
Too costly in their preciousness—
Too mighty or to curse or bless !—
Such power o'er me art thou possessing,
My only bliss—my only blessing !

The veriest trifle—lightest toy,
That can bring thee a dream of joy,

To me at once is proudly worth
 All the heaped treasure of the Earth !
 So much on Passion am I pouring
 The Soul that lives but in adoring !

And would'st thou—would'st thou have it so ?
 I must obey before I know,
 Before thy word is breathed—'tis done,
 For *thee*—*in thee* I live alone !—
 So much I love thee and so madly,
 Oh ! how supremely—though how sadly !

LINES WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

YE Cliffs ! that do delay the Setting Sun
 To shine in glory, your proud piles upon,
 In parting glory—hallowed and serene,
 That crowns at once and consecrates the scene !
 Scarce can the pained and pomp-bewildered eye
 Dwell on the effulgence of your blazonry !

Scarce can that eye your dazzling splendours fix,
As though of jasper and of sardonyx,
Of sparkling diamond, and the emerald stone,
And sapphire (like the violet flower full blown !)
As though of ruby deep and opal clear,
Lustrously built your radiant walls appear—
A solid Rainbow—so diversified
Is now your glittering panoply of pride !
For every colour streams along the sky,
And ye reflect intensely every dye !
And still your fair and shining walls do seem,
While changeful hues along them glow and stream,
Of flaming gems with cost and cunning built—
And graved and polished, carved, and wrought, and gilt.
Yes—formed of jewellery most rich and rare
They well might seem, and built with cost and care !
And yet their splendour and their proud array
Will fleetly die off with the dying day !
'Tis all yon Setting Sun's work—brief and bright !—
He bathes these rocks in luxury of light !

He tints them as he tints the clouds around
 His Western Throne—with blaze of colouring crowned ;
 And all doth radiantly and richly shine
 With living lustre, perfect and divine.
 How rapidly the brilliant change was made—
 How suddenly these Cliffs in pomp arrayed—
 How soon these gem-like splendours shone complete—
 How gloriously the astonished sense they greet !
 And mark, how long enshrined in the under earth,
 Ere it attains at length effulgent worth,
 The encrusted gem must veiled and hidden lie,
 Slow travelling towards its bright maturity !
 Though ceaselessly with constant nurture fed
 By the Tartarean fires of that dark bed.
 But thou, Oh ! Sun ! the touch ev'n of thy rays
 Hath lit these heights with a most dazzling blaze ;
 A blaze too brilliant for the unguarded eye,
 Intense in its rich-coloured radiancy,
 Bright as the ring-dove's changeful neck—or train
 Of sumptuous peacock dyed with many a stain !

The deep reflection of thy parting smile
Hath robed these rocks that harshly frowned erewhile
In sullen gloom—a stern and shadowy file—
With cloudless glory—various to the view
As even the diamond's changefulness of hue ;
Never can eyes or heart forget the glow
Of this Autumnal Sunset's wond'rous show,
Had such displayed on painter's canvass been,
Perchance we had condemned the splendid scene,
Condemned it as outstepping boldly far
Fair Nature, whom we deem excess would mar.
But Oh ! it is not so !—in sooth we err,
Ourselves denying, we disparage her ;
For she knows not to stint, nor deigns to spare,
But pours her boundless riches free and fair,
Even as the Sun doth pour his light away,
Nor shows less bright on each succeeding day !
But still with harmony in each excess,
As all who know, who prize her, shall confess !
Ne'er on the boundaries of a perfect grace
Dost trespass, through the immensities of space,

Oh ! glorious Nature, ne'er is thy proud scene
Marred by strained pomps with startling breaks between,
But all thy Splendours mixed, and mellowed glow,
Thy Beauties all into each other flow ;
And *more*, even in thy rich excess we see
Of the fine truth of thy just modesty !
When *we* attempt, with weak and wavering hand,
To trace these beauties, boundless as they're bland,
How are we forced to wrong the wond'rous pride,
Which still in thy fair aspect is descried,
Because, where we would open and display
The o'erpowering glory of thy bright array,
We miss those finer strokes—those tenderer shades—
Through which thy Pomp all vulgarer glare evades,
We miss those heavenlier hints, those happier hues,
Which subtly thy sweet countenance suffuse,
And ev'n one tint the more, one touch the less
Can stain thy fair Perfection's pure excess.
Therefore—to escape the exaggeration's blame,
We must consent to make *our* copyings tame ;

Therefore—when *we* thy glorious forms would trace,
 We half defraud thee of thy pride and grace,
 And doubt what every day and hour we see
 Perforce, of thy proud prodigality,
 We judge thee thus by our own want of skill,
 And make our own weak works thy standard still ;
 And since to thy great charms we are untrue,
 Since we're constrained to stint thee of thy due,
 And in our poor attempts thus weakly fail,
 We dream thou wearest, too, the shadowing veil,
 That thou dost, too, each dazzling show repress,
 And shrink from gorgeous splendours of excess !

Fair cliffs ! that wear an hundred diadems,
 That seem yourselves all built of burnished gems,
 And yet whose pomps and glories thus are born
 Even of a moment—frail as dews of morn—
 Ye make me think of things, whose hallowed truth
 Should long have thrilled the watchful heart—in sooth,
 You make me think how far the jewel stone
 Is shrined deep, deep i'th' Earth, veiled, bound, unknown,

And of the toil and labour man bestows
To wrench it from its long and lone repose ;
While Providence pursues one gracious plan,
Still for the advantage—for the good of man.

And even in this, as in all other things,
Whate'er the veil it o'er its purpose flings,
Consults his truest interests and his weal,
And seeks his deep and lasting bliss to seal.

'Tis therefore surely for his own high sake
To excite his energies, his powers to awake,
The things he learns to covet and to prize,
That charm his fancy and that please his eyes ;
That form his treasures and that swell his pride,
With all his pomp and all his state allied—
The princely splendours of the gloomy mine,
They that await his touch and call, to shine,
Are placed beyond his sight—beyond his reach,
Labour's supreme necessity to teach ;
To win him to exertion—and to unwind
The dormant energies within his mind,

(Coiled up supine, until aroused at length
 By something that demands their wakeful strength.)

For this the glittering gem—the glowing gold
 Are wound and wrapped with many an earthly fold,
 Hid in the mine's recesses, and unknown,
 Till skill and industry make these their own ;
 Snatch them from out their dark and dismal bed,
 And give them to reflect the light instead !

Then borne from their profound and ancient home,
 So dim and dull in its eternal gloom,
 They many a brilliant scene of pomp adorn,
 Bright as the blushing smile of Orient Morn—
 Fair as the rainbow of resplendent dyes,
 That clasps its Belt of Beauty round the skies,
 The Cestus of Creation !—ever bright
 As when it first flushed warm the laughing light !

The Cestus of Creation—which bestows
 A mystic charm where'er it shines and glows.
 Then do they glitter forth in all their pride,
 The Monarch's sumptuous offering to his Bride !

The Conqueror's spoils, the Merchant's splendid boast,
The Altar's ornament, of boundless cost;
But though thus hidden, and embedded deep,
Within the bowels of the earth they sleep,
And ask man's laboured care and patient toil
To clear them from the close-embracing soil,
To free them from the dust and dross, because
'Tis one of Heaven's profound and sapient laws
That Difficulty still should of Success
Remain the strict Condition, and no less,
The life and soul of its enjoyment, too,
Still robing it with charms for ever new;
Enhancing still its pleasure and its pride,
(And lending it delights—alone supplied
By that keen glow of feeling, which they share
Who conscious of their own proud conquests are,
Who know that they, with strong and steadfast aim,
The stubborn obstacles at length o'ercame;
And who can say, with high and honest pride,
“ I thrust the obstructions and the bars aside,

I dared the task, and I performed the deed,
And mine 'tis now to grasp the promised meed.")
Yea ! though, thus hidden, and thus darkly shrined
In Earth's deep bosom, with these treasures lined,
The burning gems must masked and folded lie
Full long concealed from every gazing eye.
Lo ! mark how graciously doth Heaven contrive
At once, all-powerful, to deny and give !
Oh ! mark the bounty of the indulgent sky
O'er man still showered—ev'n inexhaustibly,
Since while it doth, with purpose sage, demand
Toil and exertion—for his interest planned,
Ere those bright stores be gathered and acquired,
By all so justly prized, so much admired !
Behold how bounteously doth it fulfil
Each mortal wish with endless kindness still—
Behold how amply doth it evermore
Crown each desire with an unbounded store,
Those fond desires which all by nature share,
To look on objects beautiful and fair,

As though its Mighty Love might ne'er repress
The outpourings of its own Divine excess,
And while it seemed, resisting to withhold,
In truth did all unto his view unfold !

As if, in its benignant strength intense,
In the overflow of its munificence,
It granted more because it part denied,
Till man his own resources meetly tried,
Aye ! in its mercy's ever-swelling tide—
The luxury of its great profusion even !

Oh ! copious grace of the all-bestowing Heaven !
Oh ! Prodigality ! that *nought* denies,
Oh ! lavish bounty of the yielding skies !
'Tis therefore that the charm of ev'n those things
O'er which a veil of depth and doubt it flings,
Their beauties and their splendours, shine, bestowed
On things more common, till Heav'n seems to o'erload
With loving-kindness and indulgence deep
Those who too oft its blessings thankless reap !
Those who too oft with careless scorn receive,
Nor to the gift—nor to the Giver cleave.

Behold ! the glories everywhere outspread,
Beneath Man's wandering foot—above his head
In rich succession exquisite and bright,
To arrest the fancy and attract the sight,
Fair treasures Heaven doth evermore dispense
To charm his yearning soul, and chain his sense !

Behold the diamond dewdrops of the morn,
Which every leaf and every spray adorn,
Myriads and myriad myriads—twinkling thick
With ceaseless scintillation, clear and quick,
Fair as the richest diamonds of the mine,
With countless colours they intensely shine,
And make the rainbow-earth itself appear
One precious jewel—beautiful and clear—
While each pure drop, ere its brief race be run,
Holds up its fairy mirror to the Sun !

Behold the painted pageants of the skies,
That shine with matchless and with nameless dyes,
And win the astonished and enchanted gaze
With the Orient splendours of their varied blaze ;

Look on the flowing stream's gay sparkling floor,
With gem-like pebbles richly scattered o'er !
A bright Mosaic wrought by Nature's hand,
Finely performed as delicately planned ;
Turn to the immortal Stars in midnight's hour,
Upon their glorious march of pride and power,
The jewels of Eternity !— whose light
Makes one half darkened Sun of the olden Night,
So richly sown with these—and these so bright !
So splendid and so scattered are they seen,
(Creations rare with chaos-glooms between,)
It seems as though the charmed eye looked upon
The dazzling parts of some divided Sun—
Those mightiest gems beyond all others fair,
To all yet open as the general air,
The proudest, the most lustrous and divine,
For all that yet with liberal splendour shine ;
The loveliest and the least concealed, are they,
Free as the dew—and bounteous as the day !
Displayed without reserve at once, to all—
Yet weighed with these, how fade the rest and fall !

Behold, the glories o'er the landscape thrown,
In rich diversity supremely shown ;
The more than pomp in which it glows arrayed,
The light of boundless loveliness displayed !
These are the treasures which we all possess—
These are the gifts that gladden and that bless ;
Which ask no labour—which require no care—
Which all may equally enjoy and share,
And these most barren naked cliffs that now
So proudly glitter—and so brightly glow ;
These can be made the Palace dome to outshine,
Though decked with spoils from the productive mine
It rears its haughty head on high sublime,
The work of Art, of Labour, and of Time,
These can chain down the dazzled wondering eye,
And flame with keenly-kindling brilliancy.
Oh ! of this glorious Nature—heavenly fair—
All, great Creator ! 'tis *thy* gracious care,
'Tis *thy* most wonderous workmanship alone
Which here we recognize—to shame our own ;

Thou dost prevent our wishes, and provide
 All things we need, and yet how much beside !
 Thou dost outstrip our thoughts—surpass our dreams—
 And pour thy bounty forth in plenteous streams !
 Yet winn'st us still *our strength, our power* to try,
 But for *our own* more sure Felicity.

THE WARRIOR'S CONFESSION.

With jewellery of stud and nail,
 With furniture of stubborn mail,
 With ornaments of sword and spear,
 Lo ! at thy side, Love ! I appear.

My wealth 's the sabre and the shield,
 Mine heritage the tented field,
 My pleasure-ground 's the Battle-heath,
 My patron—Fame,—my playmate—Death !

My brow with frowns lowers black and bent,
And tells of years in conflict spent;
My voice is rough, as it should be,
To shout 'mongst thousands shouting free.

My hand is iron—and my arm
Right strong to deal the mortal harm;
Yet know, fair Love, what none have known,
My heart even tender as thine own !

BE STILL.

Be still—poor heart of mine,
Forget to heave and thrill;
Unmurmuringly resign—
Bleed—break—but be thou still.

Take all thy share of pain,
Shrink not from scourge and sting,
Nor ever dare complain,
'Twill but fresh sufferings bring.

Since jealous Fate still seeks
For hearts of feeling kind,
On which she darkly wreaks
Her ruthless fury, blind.

Be still—poor, poorest heart,
In silent suffering rest,
Though many a venom'd dart
Be sheathed within this breast.

THE HAUNTS OF SORROW.

At the shadowy hour of eventide,
When Nature doffs her glaring hues,
How sweet for hearts long tired, long tried,
Apart and undisturbed to muse.

• Shades after shades come deepening on,
Sound after sound dies soft away,
Till glare is gone—till noise is none,
And past and perished is the day.

Then how this heart's wild woe subsides,
Yet far more freely gush its springs,
While halcyon Peace broods o'er its tides
With comforting and covering wings.

Then from myself I mount, I rise,
And try sweet paths untried before ;
And fly as Expectation flies,
To find some new untrodden shore.

Each thought seems furnished with a wing,
I leave this weary doom behind,
And every dark and dismal thing,
Which long hath pained my fevered mind.

I wander through all haunts beloved,
Where holy sorrow soothes to stay ;
Not all in truth from Earth removed,
Yet purified from grosser clay.

Not all from Sorrow's yoke set free,
But won unto her tenderest mood
A grief, yet dearer far than glee,
With something soft and sweet imbued.

The Past and Present reconciled

Might seem to be in that sweet hour,

When all is solemn, calm, and mild—

When Memory and the Moon have power.

Say, Sorrow—where thy chief abode ?

Lovest thou to haunt the deep sea shore,

Or mourn o'er fields where blood hath flowed,

Or tread the Desert's shifting floor ?

Or rovest thou midst Italian bowers,

To weep o'er reliques of the Past ?

Or where the funeral-scenery lowers

In Norway's pine woods, dark and vast ?

Or where old mountain-solitudes

Look down upon the World below ?

Or Nature's face our search eludes,

Masked in a mighty robe of snow ?

Sorrow !—Oh, Sorrow ! it were vain
To seek thy favourite seat to scan—
I know thou reign'st with boundless reign
In the Universal Heart of Man !

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

MOMENTS pass slowly on,
Years fly apace,
When shall the wearied One
Rest from the Race ?

Whether we smile or weep—
Time keeps his flight—
Hours, days, may seem to creep,
Life speeds like Light !

Whether we laugh or groan,
Seasons change fast;
Oh ! what hath ever flown
Swift as the *Past* ?

What though we chafe and chide,
Time holds his pace ;
No step—no noiseless stride
Doth *he* retrace !

Hastening, still hastening on,
None may deem how ;
But when 'tis fled and gone—
Then seems Time slow ?

Time, while we chide thy pace,
Reckless and proud,
Oft doth thy shadowy face
Laugh from our shroud !

OH ! SUN THAT SETS !

Oh ! Sun that sets !

Soft falls thy light

Where black regrets

Mourn o'er Time's flight.

Oh ! Sun that sets !

Peer the lids through—

Lids that grief wets

As with Death's dew !

(Drops big and hot,

Drops shed in vain,

These can melt not

Grief's iron chain !)

Lids too long sealed
'Gainst all things bright—
But thou 'st revealed
Charms for Grief's sight.

Something seems there
Soothing, to calm
Suffering and care—
Shedding down balm !

Something there wakes
Hearts mute and lone—
Something that takes
Sympathy's tone.

Oh ! Sun that sets !
Dear to my sight,
Fears—pangs—regrets
Best love thy light !

Aye ! to crushed hearts,
Tortured and torn,
Whence Hope departs,
Leaving them lorn,

Sun ! Sun ! that sets,
Thou must be dear
Since to regrets
Suffering and fear

Morn can but bring
Promise of Pain,
Many a sharp sting
Threatens again !

To the World's eye
Then seems laid bare.
All that should fly
From its fierce stare !

Eve brings instead
Promise of Peace—
Clouds round us spread,
Bid the strife cease !

Since evermore—
Prompted by pride—
Sufferings too sore
Fain would we hide !

Thence still arise
Sufferings more dire,
Pent, prisoned sighs
Turn to keen fire.

Tears we restrain—
Ten-fold *their* smart—
Cankering the brain,
Poisoning the heart !

Thence springs a strife

Deadly and deep—

'Twere peace and life

Dared we but weep !

Pride—mortal pride—

Haughty and high—

Thou chain'st the tide,

Thou check'st the sigh !

Destiny's blow

Mutely we bear ;

Scorning to show

Helpless despair.

Kiss we the knife—

Praise we the Pain—

Seek we the strife—

Clasp we the Chain !

But 'tis Despair
Worse than the worst,
Which none may share,
Trebly accursed.

Stern toil and task—
Struggling to throw
Some likely mask
O'er our deep woe !

This makes the day
Harsh and unblessed—
Night's gracious sway
Brings us dear rest !

Oh ! Sun that sets !
Gazing at thee,
Grief's slave forgets
Pride's slave to be !

Soothed and consoled
 Lies the lulled heart—
 Work—harsh and cold
 Shut out thou art !

Oh ! Sun that sets !
 Fairest to me,
 Loves, fears, regrets,
 Still turn to thee !

Oh ! Sun that sets !
 Thou seem'st to say,
 “ Fate's debt of debts
 I too must pay !

“ It must be mine,
 Waning to stoop—
 Bowed to decline—
 Wasting to droop !

“ Linger ing to sink,
’Tis my doom yet,
Less ening to shrink,
Lower ing to set !”

Oh ! Sun that sets !
Thy smile appears
Fair to regrets
Sufferings and tears.

Not thus alone
Seem’st thou to say—
When from thy throne
Passing away !

Yet something more
Dost thou unfold—
When from Heaven’s floor
Thy state is rolled !

Sun ! Sun that sets !
Thou seem'st to say—
“ Fear not Fate's threats—
Wait the new day !”

Oh ! Sun that sets !
Thou speak'st in Power,
“ Sunrise forgets
Sunset's faint hour !

“ Dim now may seem
The arch of the sky—
Night like a Dream
Yet shall pass by !

“ Emptied of light
Heaven may appear—
Yet soon, Oh ! Night !
Ends thy career !

“ Mortal—round thee
Dark clouds may frown—
Yet light shall be
Once more thine own !

“ But for awhile
Darkness shall lower—
Day yet shall smile—
Wait the bright hour !

“ Thy Sun divine
Canst thou forget ?
Shall that decline ?
Say, can that set ?

“ Thy soul and mind
Are but as rays
Scarce yet defined,
Caught from that blaze !”

Sun ! Sun that sets !
Hail to thine hour—
Grief then forgets
Pain's deadliest power !

Oh ! Sun that sets !
Suffering no more
Fevers and frets
This heart's wrung core !

I AM ALONE.

I AM alone !—whilst all I see
With something dear in sympathy
Is linked like Echo to a tone,
I am alone—I am alone !

The Stars a glad Fraternal Band,
Like loving comrades, hand in hand,
In their beloved and blessed repose
Are bound—how sweetly and how close !

The flowers of Spring together smile,
Sweet flowers—that neither watch nor toil,
Linked in a breathing coloured chain,
Together do they bloom and wane.

The clouds that gild or gloom the day,
With other clouds appear at play ;
The breezes sink, the breezes swell,
And glad tales to each other tell.

The vast—the small—the proud—the low,
Their own sweet bonds rejoicing know ;
Oh ! what but owns a thrilling tie
With something dear in sympathy ?

The dewdrops, sparks of liquid light,
By myriads glitteringly unite,
And ever on each other throw
A soft, reflected, diamond-glow !

The mighty mountains, too, are found
With their gigantic brethren bound,
A crested and colossal chain,
They frown upon the peaceful plain.

And must I gaze around in grief,
To find nor comfort nor relief—
And look around, above, beyond,
With feverish yearnings—vain and fond ?

I envy those—I envy these—
Mount, cloud, and flower—Star, dew, and breeze,
For me 'tis one drear waste of woes,
I envy these—I envy those !

I look around—I look above—
Ah ! there I yet will link my love ;
Still something whispers to my soul—
There is thy gain—and there thy goal !

Yes ! Strongly whispers at my heart—
There is thy place, and there thy part ;
With something dear in sympathy
Shall *I* be linked in yonder sky ! .

IRRESOLUTION.

Why should I grieve and mourn—
Why weep and wail ?
Others have braved and borne—
Heart ! shalt thou fail ?

Wilt thou, heart ! still remain
Sorrow's poor slave,
Still hug thy heavy chain—
Dig thine own grave ?

Still cry, “ Would Heaven it were,
Would it might be ! ”
Still answer—Ah ! Despair !—
“ ‘Tis not for me ! ”

Wilt thou with questionings fond
Tire Time and Fate ?
Yet evermore respond—
“ No ! ’tis too late ! ”

Oh ! with more strength contest—
Or wiselier yield ;
Choose that which seemeth best
Choose spear or shield !

But not thus vainly turn
Front to the foe—
First, calm endurance learn,
Then brave the blow !

Oh ! but with strength resist—

Or but resign !

Nor thus in doubt exist,

Faint heart of mine !

Choose thine own weapons, choose—

Choose now thy part—

Nor each dear chance refuse,

Weak wavering heart !

Oh ! cease to mourn unblessed—

Cease to repine—

Learn to resist—or rest—

Weak heart of mine !

THE LITTLE BOAT.

It was a heavy night,
Storm, darkness, terror reigned;
And tossed by Ocean's might
A little bark remained.

The little bark was frail,
The fragile bark was small—
How might it brave the gale—
And the rough waves' rise and fall?

Yet, when the morning broke,
Safe on the shore it lay,
Safe from the tempest-stroke,
And the waves' unpitying play.

A mighty Power was near
 From Ruin's jaws to snatch !
 A mighty hand to steer—
 A mighty eye to watch !

Lo ! prouder Barks might be
 Victims of these stern hours,
 Of the Storm and of the Sea,
 Of the Darkness and its Powers !

Bark—lowly bark and frail,
 And thou wert thus allowed
 To bide the infuriate gale,
 And the billows, tempest-plough'd.

Brave vessels, proud and strong,
 May have been cast away !
 On their decks the armed throng,
 And the Warlike guns' array !

Barks freighted with such freight
As might set chained monarchs free,
May have haply found the fate
That was thus withheld from thee.

Oh ! the lowly and the weak
May still be saved and spared,
While the storms their fury wreak
On the powerful and prepared !

On Life's dark troubled waves
Me, may Heaven deign to spare
From its thousand yawning graves
Of wrath and of despair !

Thus on Life's fiercer Sea,
This dark deep Sea of Life,
May I delivered be
From the wilder Storm and Strife.

'TIS VAIN.

'Tis vain—it is in vain !
No more—'twill be no more !
Now let me force or feign
Peace that was mine before !

Lost—every hope is lost,
Each dream of joy is dust,
All that I cherished most,
Most has betrayed my trust !

And yet I scarce know all
The depth of my despair,
At first the blow doth fall
With force too keen to bear !

Stunned, deadened, scathed, and crushed,
At first the Soul remains
In hideous silence, hushed—
Bound as in icy chains !

Then slowly opens out
The prospect of its grief;
Nor leaves one dizzy doubt
To lend a faint relief.

Then comes the mortal strife—
Life's passion-streams run o'er—
New powers seem lent to life,
To make the anguish more !

THOU BETTER KNOW'ST.

Thou better know'st my love for thee
Than I myself can know,
I only feel I can but be
Thine all, thine own, below !

I only feel I was but made
To admire and to adore ;
How can that love be told or weighed,
That ever deepeneth more—

And least of all by those who feel
That Passion's power intense ;
How can they to themselves reveal
That all-o'erwhelming Sense ?

One Dream—one Feeling—and one Thought

Chain, clasp me, and entomb ;

Thou—thou art *all*—and I am nought—

Love doth my life consume !

Thou better know'st than I can know

My boundless love for thee ;

Haply, some outward signs may show

The inward Idolatry !

So much is all within engrossed

By deep Devotion's zeal,

The feeling's self is almost lost,

I scarce can know I feel !

Doth faltering word, doth speaking eye,

Doth varying brow express,

With tear, and blush, and Soul-sent sigh,

My Love's unknown excess ?

And yet such outward signs are weak,
And Image but a part,
And feebly show, and faintly speak
The Homage of the Heart !

SPRING.

SPRING, royal, festal, gracious Spring !
Haste thee on thy rainbow wing !
Long enough beneath the rule
Of gloomy Winter, stream and pool,
Grove and garden, flower and tree,
Hath lain—now haste and set them free.
Dreamy, starry, purple Spring,
With the crown and with the wing,
With the wand and with the charm,
Come—and thick delights shall swarm !
Vernal, sunny, breezy Spring,
Thee awaits each beauteous thing,

Earth is panting for thy rise
Upon the cleared and laughing skies,
All her Heart is beating fast
With expectance deep and vast,
For thy presence—Heavenly thing—
Rosy, fairy, dewy Spring !
Banks are calling unto banks,
“ Where are our bright Rainbow Ranks ?
Our smiling store of buds and bells ? ”
Breeze to breeze the tidings tells,
“ There are incense-sighs abroad—
Is sweet Spring upon his road ? ”
Haste—haste, Oh ! beatific Spring !
Thee awaits each precious thing !
Earth is longing for thy touch,
Earth hath languished long and much ;
Now set free her banks and bowers
From the chains of Wintry hours !
Earth thy presence still implores,
And in breathless hope adores,

Like a royal Bride that waits
 Beside her City's golden gates,
 Beside the thronged and shining wall
 Of her Regal Capital !
 For the auspicious entry proud
 Of her Bridegroom pledged and vowed,
 Coming from some far off Land,
 To claim her promised, plighted hand,
 Royal as herself, and high
 In his youthful Sovereignty !
 Golden—Gracious—Sunny Spring,
 Haste thee here on rapid wing !

THE RESOURCE.

WHEN thou dost leave me lone and lorn, my treasured One
 and dear,
 I breathe no plaint I heave no sigh—I shed no trickling tear !
 But on thine Image then I live, mine only, all, and own,
 And in my veriest heart of hearts enshrine it and enthrone !

I build with ever-wakeful care, when thou'rt no longer nigh,
A Pyramid of sweet, sweet thoughts to thy loved memory !
For Oh ! 'tis still as Death were there, when thou, Love,
dost depart,
So deep a change I find and feel in this devoted heart !

THE EXCUSE.

YES ! thou must think me wayward—wild—
And weak and helpless as a child !
But could'st thou—could'st thou know
How oft, when thou dost wondering chide,
And try in vain kind arts oft tried,
To soothe and calm my woe—

My mind heaves like some struggling Sea,
Where storms career unchecked and free—
And urge it at their will !
Billows 'gainst billows battling there,
As though of some dread foe aware,
Yet idly wrestling still !

Oft, oft, when thou dost gently strive
Kind Consolation's balm to give,
My thoughts *too* wildly roll ;
Conflicting Inspirations meet,
With all their powers, the stern and sweet,
And toss my very Soul !

Then many and many a dream o'erwrought,
Swells—sweeps, and *dies* upon my Thought,
Which words can ne'er detain ;
And then with pained and panting breath,
I seem to share each Dream's rich death,
Yet wake to life again !

And could'st thou know—Oh ! could'st thou know
How gladly I would 'scape that woe,
And shun that tempest's power ;
Yet *more* would'st thou in love essay
To bring back to my stormy Day
Serenity's sweet hour !

REMEMBRANCES.

SMILING Skies are o'er us shining,
Rose wreathed bowers around us twining,
And the Sun of Italy
Is flashing through the clear air free,
And jocund sounds of peasant mirth
Deepen all this joy of Earth !

Scents of orange-flowers are streaming,
Hues of rose and violet beaming ;
Where soe'er we dwell or stray,
For 'tis the Ausonian May,
And all loveliness abounds
In these, the fair Earth's Garden-grounds.

Gentlest streams are softly welling,
Of the Old Times of Story telling,
When sweet Water Nymphs serene
Disported by each margent green—
Round the fountain's silvery flow,
Where the faint stream-lilies blow.

All is beautiful and smiling,
Yet not thus this heart beguiling !
This most sweet Ausonian May,
With its floods of golden Day,
Makes me think of Springs more loved,
Which my *Heart's* own Spring approved !

DEAR ONE, BUT FORGIVE ME NOW.

DEAR One, but forgive me now !
Forgive this pallid cheek and brow—
Well I know thy love should be
My Supreme Felicity—

My good, my glory, and my pride,
With every hope and dream allied,
Well I know it *is*—but still
At times this restless heart will thrill
With troublous feelings, deep and dark,
As 'mid wild-tossing waves the bark !
But forgive me, Love, and know
Ev'n this grief that pains thee so,
Even this suffering and distress,
And this gloomy restlessness,
These shadows, and these clouding cares,
The darkness of these drear despairs
Spread about my Life's sole Light,
Make that shine more richly bright !
Oh ! the gloom of my fond grief
Lends to that a proud relief,
Until more and more divine
Doth my Life's Love-Light outshine !

HOPES AND DREAMS.

HOPES and Dreams together leave me !
Leave me to Life's dark, deep Truth !
Of your dangerous joys bereave me,
It were well for me in sooth.

Oh ! the racking, racking sorrow
Of the heart that wakes to know
Each bright promise of to-morrow,
Never can be kept below.

Dreams—dreams—depart e'en now for ever—
Or take an ampler flight and scope !
Reach these Worlds whence Life doth sever,
Where your Goal should be, Bright Hope !

A FEW MORE HOURS.

A few more hours to Memory and regret,
Then for a heavy Sacrifice of Years
To the cold cares by which we toil, beset,
In this low vale of troubles and of tears !

A few more hours unto the heart—the heart !
Then for a life given up to other things,
Whence dreams and hopes and memories must depart,
Though round them coil the heart's entwining strings !

A few more hours to Passion and its pain,
Then live-long days to Life's more studied part,
Then back to harsh Reality again—
Back to that World which stings, then steels the heart.

A few more hours to Feeling and to *thee*,
 Then an Eternity of hours to all
 That is most tedious in monotony,
 Most wearying in its dull and withering thrall.

A few more hours to thought and love and thee,
 The rest unto the World's cold common claim !—
 To dull Indifference' icy Slavery—
 Which they, the *loveless many*, Freedom name !

VAIN ASPIRATIONS.

OH ! but the misery of this wild, wild woe,
 I stand here bound unto this Earth below,
 With every thought far soaring, ever higher,
 And struggling still yet more and more to aspire !

And Oh ! it is a misery to remain
 Still vexed with aspirations fond and vain—
 Thus fettered, thus entrammelled, and confined,
 Despite those quick Thought-lightnings of the Mind !

This strong, strong grief ! how few can dream or guess
 Its deep impassioned luxury of Distress ;
 For still it is a noble sorrow—full
 Of generous fervours—and nor cold nor dull !

The Mind's Thought-lightnings ! how they flash on high,
 To greet their Sister-Splendours of the Sky—
 The mighty glory of each conscious Star—
 And leap in ecstacy of life afar !

But then a breath—a touch—they're stricken down,
 And taught their helpless vanity to own !
 And Worlds at once are swept from their embrace,
Yet on those Worlds shall they not stamp their trace ?

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

BEAUTIFUL Dreams ! Oh ! stay, but stay,
Why do ye fleet so soon away ?
My Soul demands ye back again !
Will ye not come then—come and reign
O'er all its energies and powers,
Damped in this gloomy world of ours ?
And only in their strength unbound,
When ye are girding it around,
When ye are lifting from its sense
The weight of mortal hours' suspense !
All shapes of Beauty and Delight
 Crowd round your path, like Stars round night !
Dreams—dreams come back again to me,
Or take my Soul away with ye !

It is in your enchanted hour
The Mind hath supernatural power,
Raised high above our mortal doom,
Unconsciously we then become
Creators—full of power and might—
Of Worlds on Worlds—that roll in light—
And make a Universe apart—
Though soon these from their orbits start,
And dimly wane and faintly shrink,
And darkly disappear and sink.
Surely ye are sent to us to show
Our power is more than we may know,
That glory without wane or end
Shall yet our Spirit-steps attend !
That we shall yet claim for our own
Things lofty, wond'rous, and unknown !
Dreams—dreams come back again to me,
Or bear my Soul far hence with ye !

AWAY—AWAY.

Away—away, the sun shines bright,
The Air's a Paradise of Light.

Away, and to the water's side,
Where the lilies each a bride,
In beauty, purity, and state,
Shine with gentle joy elate.

Let us, let us now repair,
For Spring and joy are smiling there,
Where the water-chimes ring out
Sweet as distant cuckoo's shout;
As turtle-dove's delicious moan—
That entrancing, touching tone;

Where the shadows shift and play
O'er the waters and away;
Where some bird on happy wing,
Darteth like a spirit thing

Through the chrystal sparkling air,

As it would be *every where.*

Oh ! away, away, this day

Is Spring's and sunny Joys—away !

TO THE DEPARTED.

MOUNT to thy mansion on high !

Though we mourn thy lost smile on our earth,

Would we snatch thy bright soul from the Sky

To this dark world's distraction and dearth ?

From the earth and its shadows arise !

On the wings of thy rapture ascend,

While crowned spirits stoop down from the Skies,

The path of thy pomp to attend !

In Heaven is a bright seraph born !
Whose nativity angels shall bless,
Shall we dare then to murmur and mourn,
And wish thy great happiness less ?

Methinks a proud strain I can hear,
On the stream of its transports is borne,
A name ever hallowed and dear,
'Tis an angel's sublime natal morn !

The winged choirs pour a glad mighty voice,
Mount—mount to thy mansion on high !
The Heavens, and their high Powers rejoice
When a seraph the more treads the Sky !

Mount to thy mansion on high,
Thy birth we will celebrate here,
And love thee yet more in the Sky
Than when thou wert bound to our sphere.

SONNET.

SOME few sweet bird-notes pierce the awakening air,
And little flow'rets delicately meek
Begin the ground to enamel and to streak,
And for thine advent Spring ! all things prepare.
But slow thou comest !—May, the royally fair,
Is near :—but must these chill gales fan her cheek,
And o'er her gracious forehead rudely break ?
Haste ! thou sweet Spring ! or thou wilt miss thy share
Of the great glorious year—where dost delay ?
In the fair realms beyond the folding cloud ?
Beyond the veiling firmament's vast sway,
Where Death is not the imperious Lord avowed,
Even of thy precious things,—far, far away ?
Yet come to gladden hearts to Love's rule brightly bowed.

LOVE'S INCREASE.

I love thee more than ever, Love,
With passion far too vast to prove.
Since words, since signs, were mockery here,
By which men seek to make appear
Their feelings—that are mockeries all,
Compared with *my* love's mightiest thrall;
Oh ! but this fearful depth of feeling
Seems self from self too surely stealing !

I love thee more than ever, Love !
Hope, life, myself—*thyself* above !
Still doth thy *present self* appear
Even than thy *past self* far more dear !
Ever I love thee more than ever,
Though to love less be mine endeavour !

I love thee more than ever, Love,
Myself and e'en *thyself* above !
Since daily grows thy glorious sway,
Thou wert not loved thus yesterday ;
To-morrow dearer still than ever,—
But can this be, Ah !—never !—never !

TO THE SKYLARK.

SWEET bird ! how hast thou changed thy thrilling note
Since first I heard it in the blue air float ;
'Twas gay, but now, alas ! it is not gay,
It seems like my poor broken heart to say
“ All—all is changed, or dead, or crushed, or lost,”
Like my poor heart ?—Oh ! *that* hath darkly crost
With its own sadness thy sweet joyous strain,
Never may it be gay or blest again !

Of old it sung as glad a song as thine,
Nor feared Hope's disappointment and decline ;
But now betrayed, abandoned, and bereft,
It hath no note of buoyant gladness left ;
And wheresoe'er it meets with joy—young joy,
And hope, winged hope, its heavy sighs destroy
The harmonious charm, with Sorrow's worst alloy ;
It will not share, it will not see delight,
And, Oh ! it hath a power, a fatal might
That makes all glad and joyful things appear
Unto itself, as its own fortunes, drear.
It will not feel, it will not find content,
Too skilled to turn all mirth and merriment
To bale, and bitterness, and secret pain,
And chain Creation with its own harsh chain.
'Twill not endure, nor yet encourage hope,
But still condemns all things alike to droop—
It will not breathe, nor will it bear, that voice
Which saith, thou Skylark ! with *thy* note, “ Rejoice !” .

COME TO ME, LITTLE CHILD.

COME to me, mine own little child !
Thy mother's heart with grief is wild,
And oft hast thou that grief beguiled,
 Come to me, little child.

That sweet sweet brow all undefiled,
Purer than snow on hill-tops piled ;
It smiles on me as one *once* smiled,
 Come to me, little child !

How smooth that brow, that smile how mild,
Shall peace e'er be from *thence* exiled ?
Nay !—be this *last* joy undespoiled,
 Come to me, little child !

Within thy soul, unstained, unsoiled,
Be Heavenward thoughts enthroned and aisled,
This world with Faith's own beams to gild,
 Come to me, little child !

Fear not, though frowned on and reviled,
Thou may'st be pure, in mockery styled,
Stars gleam, *because* 'mid dark depths isled,
 Come to me, little child !

I CLAIM NOT CONSTANCY FROM THEE.

I CLAIM not constancy from thee,
Change—but change back again to me !
I will permit that heart to rove,
So that none other *keep* its love !

And though my heart thou may'st resign,
'Twill still remain as deeply thine ;
It must not murmur, may not mourn,
Resign, but Oh ! again return !

I ne'er will try thy truth to prove,
I ne'er will claim nor chain thy love ;
I dare not hope for faith from thee,
Change then, but change again to me !

My heart still dreads as its worst doom
That thou should'st fixed in faith become ;
Since, Oh ! if thou could'st constant be,
I know 'twould never be to me !

But Ah ! the fear is very vain,
Nought can thy wandering fancy chain ;
Like Hope itself's thy bright career,
That Heavenly thing hath no home here !

Too far art thou thyself removed
 From all that thou hast ever loved !
 Too—too superior still to all
 That holds or held thee in faint thrall !

Still ever seeking—ever bent
 To find some Virtue eminent ;
 Something that may be worthy thee,
 And that on earth can never be !

Then dearest—if thou *wilt* resign
 This deep devoted heart of mine—
 Resign—but not for evermore ;
 Return, its life-pulse to restore !

Yes—yes forsake me and forget,
 No word shall breathe of my regret;
 I pray but this, in my disgrace,
 Yet once again thy steps retrace !

Or be each tie between us rent,
Rack me, and mock me, and torment;
By every bitter pang undone,
Still let me keep *one hope*—but one !

The hope that thou may'st yet once more
Return to her thou lov'dst before;
Then dearest—move unchained and free,
Change—but change back again to me !

I feel, my best beloved, I know
That it shall be even thus below;
And I forgive the inconstancy
That yet may win thee back to me.

Since still beyond all things I dread
That thou should'st faithful prove instead;
For Oh ! if thou could'st constant be,
I know 'twould never be to me !

Too whelming is my love's excess
In its absorbing anxiousness ;
Too restless in its feverish strife,
Withering the energies of life !

Too fond is mine idolatry,
I scarce can breathe when thou art by ;
I faint—I droop—I die away,
O'ertaken with a sweet dismay.

And well may this deep love's excess
Smite thee with very weariness ;
This over passionate love's extreme
Haunt thee like some unquiet dream.

And yet perchance when we're apart,
Thou'l miss this homage of the heart ;
A dear remorse shall soften thee,
And thou wilt change again to me.

Beloved—thou art as free as air,
 Oh ! mind not me nor my despair;
 Leave me to that one hope—*but one*,
 Yet all enlightening like the sun !

I would not, for all worlds that are,
 Thy lightest dreams or fancies mar;
 I could not thy least wish oppose,
 No—rather welcome Fate's worst woes !

Be if thou wilt, inconstant then,
 But be so for my sake again ;
 Pursue thy winding path at will,
 Let me at least be constant still !

Far more I dread that *deeper change*—
 That thou should'st cease to rove and range ;
 Since Oh ! if thou could'st constant be,
 I know 'twould never be to me !

Be ever just as *now* thou art,
For still forewarns this prophet-heart—
If unto *one* thou *true* could'st be,
I know—I know 'twould ne'er be me !

Ev'n as thou art then, Love remain,
I will endure the jealous pain ;
Remembering, could'st thou constant be,
Never—'twould never be to me !

No constancy from thee I claim,
Fear not that I could chide or blame,
Though thou abandon and desert
Earth's faithallest and fondest heart !

Unchecked—unchained—unhidden move,
Thou idol of *my* changeless love !
Still free, as winds and waves are free,
Change—but change back again to me !

BLACK HAGGARD,**A TRAINED HAWK.**

MOUNT—mount, Black Haggard—soar away,
And rise above thy shrieking prey,
The food-disgorging, fluttering heron
Which vainly seeks to 'scape—to turn ;
Lo ! the Black Haggard's fiery eye
Hath marked that proud form in the sky ;
Let the eagle look for the Orient Sun,
Black Haggard's glance is fixed upon
That living mark which charms his sight,
From all the blaze of sunny light—
His living prey, his conscious prize,
That self-steered ship of the arching skies ;

He seems by that keen glance to arrest
The noble bird—by fear possessed !
Mount—mount, Black Haggard—soar away,
And seize upon thy stately prey !
Ha ! how he lightens up the sky,
Lessening upon the uplifted eye—
As though a sudden storm was sent
From earth unto the firmament ;
Brave—brave Black Haggard—mount and soar,
Thou'st played the conqueror's part before,
And if proud courage be not vain,
Thou'l play that conqueror's part again.
Right gallant, and undaunted thing,
Thou lightning Eye—thou tempest Wing !
'Tis sight and flight effect thy sway,
Mount—mount, Black Haggard !—soar away !

TO THE WIND.

WIND that sweep'st 'mongst leaves and boughs,
How the heart thy power avows,
Thou appear'st with them at play ;
But the triumphs of thy sway
Are o'er the throbbing human heart,
Where deep thoughts come, dwell, depart,
As thou rushest on thy path,
Now in glee and now in wrath,
As thou deepenest now—now diest,
As thou shoutest now—now sighest,
What, Oh ! Wind ! can be thy spell
The quick heart to stir or quell ?
Oh ! the spell is all its own,
'Tis influenced by itself alone.

**Evermore at watch it seems
To mould all Nature to its dreams !**

**Evermore at watch within
Its own deep shrine, for things akin
To its own feelings, or its fate,
Which 'twill discover or create !**

**All things doth it thus convert
(The deep mysterious Human Heart)**

**To its own tone and temper still—
And to its own strong voice doth thrill !**

**Wind—thou takest from thence thy power
To move it in some thoughtful hour.**

**Thence, wild Wind, and only thence,
Dost thou win thine Influence !**

A SPRING EVENING.

IT is a golden dreamy Eve of Spring,
And shelter-seeking birds are on the wing,
And from mine opened window I can see
The churchyard graves, by glad rays streaming free,
Lit brightly from the broad red setting Sun,
Who ends in glory as he first begun.

These gloomy graves his beams are vain to cheer,
Those dwellings of the Dead—still cold and drear,
Despite the fervent splendour lavished round
Their lone and stern and melancholy bound,
It cannot reach the Dead in their drear cave,
It cannot strike the chains from Death's thralled slave.

But to the Living can this brightness bring
Thoughts full of hope, up-buoyed on seraph wing,
And win the heart to meditate on all
Which must, we know, or soon or late befall—
Nature shrinks not from the all unconscious Dead,
And *we* shrink not, by her example led.

This golden dreamy Eve—now troublous Life,
Soothed down from its unquiet stir and strife,
With gentler pulse and with serener breath,
Even meets half way the shadowy Terror—Death !
Oh ! many a sweetly-solemn mystic thing
Shall I now learn from thee—Soft Eve of Spring !

AND COULD'ST THOU HOLD.

AND could'st thou hold the dagger to my heart,
And watch the life even throb by throb depart,
Even pulse by pulse slow perish and decay,
And pass, as thy weak love hath passed away?
Could'st thou look calm upon my sufferings then,
And still inflict the murderous blow again,
And gaze upon the fading, failing hue
In my cold cheek, which once, beloved One, grew
More and more smiling still beneath thine eye,
The Star of all my Soul's idolatry?
More and more glowing thy loved gaze beneath,
As some young rose new-nursed by the sweet breath
Of southern breezes, and by opening rays
Of Summer's Suns into one crimson blaze?

I know thou could'st not ! but more cruel 'tis
To strike this death-blow to my bosomed bliss—
To draw the angry cloud o'er all my hopes,
Till sick to death the immortal Spirit droops,
That cannot die—that cannot cease to feel,
But suffers pangs no language can reveal,
And feeds upon its tortures evermore,
And strengthens, on its sufferings sharp and sore !
Oh ! 'tis more barbarous, 'tis more heartless far,
Thus—thus—e'en smile by smile and star by star
To snatch away my hope, my Life of Life,
And watch me sinking slow beneath the strife ;
My peace, my happiness to stab and slay,
And gaze unpitying as they die away—
To murder me in mine own loving heart,
And aim the blow at the most feeling part !

I AM CONTENTED.

I AM contented with thy love for me—
Though weak in sooth compared with mine for thee !
And yet at times, Love mine, for thine own sake,
In thee would I an equal feeling wake.

Till thus thou lov'st thou canst not—may'st not know
What mighty joys from mighty feelings flow ;
The more than mortal—more than Earthly bliss
Which springs alone from such a love as this !

I would infect thee with an equal zeal,
Teach thee these precious thrills profound to feel,
And unto thee, my Soul of Soul ! impart
These beatific tremblings of the Heart !

For Oh ! this wond'rous Happiness ! 'tis not
The cold contentment of a common lot !
From the inmost depths of the inmost being brought,
With rich unrest and glowing strife 'tis fraught.

But nought of self can enter in its dreams,
Beyond all Earth's felicity it seems
Armed 'gainst all accidents that still attend
Our selfish joys, which quickly wane and end. .

A Heaven *within* the living Soul it is,
Which yet can scarce believe in its own bliss,
And bound and girdled by its clayey chain,
Can scarce the immeasurable joy contain !

I am contented with thy love for me,
Though slight, though faint, compared with mine for thee,
And solely for thine own more precious weal
I fain would teach thee as *I* feel to feel !

Fain would I thus thy dear existence bless
With this supreme illustrious Happiness !
And only for thine own beloved sake,
In thee would I an equal Passion wake !

AND IS SHE DEAD ?

AND is she dead ? and must we trust
To that so hideous hateful tale,
Can light and love and air be dust,
The Sunbreak cold—the Rainbow pale ?

Ah ! me, how wonderful a Doom !
For now too *wonderful* it seems !
How can the cold dull common tomb,
O'ertake a thing all thoughts and dreams ?

Full many a one hath passed away,
 And I have sighed, and sighing said,
 'Tis dust to dust—and clay to clay,
 And so farewell unto the Dead !

But thou—Oh ! thou !—with strange distrust
 I hear what hated lips repeat,
 How can Divinity and dust
 Together for *one moment* meet ?

How can the chill and crushing Earth
 O'er that intense Existence close ?
 Each moment to more kindling birth
 Thou seem'dst to spring—my broken rose !

How can the common general grave
 Receive a thing so bright and free ?
 How can that mute that frozen cave
 Be closed—thou Heaven of Life ! on thee ?

S T A N Z A S.

(FROM INEZ.)

DELIRIUM of Enchantments ! 'twas too much
That glorious eye to meet, that hand to touch !
To drink that voice of music to my Soul,
Whose echoes through mine inmost Being stole !

Proud luxury of Enchantments ! to behold
That bright form cast in all Etherial mould,
And still to feel the hidden Soul divine
Doth even its radiant temple far outshine !

Dire poison of Enchantments ! this to know,
And then to feel—worst dream of mortal woe—
That Fate 'twixt thee and me a gulph hath set,
Which makes me mourn that we should ere have met !

THE YOUTH OF THE SOUL.

MEMORY ! I turn to thee—to thee,
Beloved consoler—Memory !
And think of those lost lovely years,
And not without fast-gushing tears,
When in serene and sweet repose
My soul within me sprang and rose
And soared into the Heavens above,
Sustained by Innocence and Love !
Nor soared its own glad self alone
Above the Sun's triumphal throne,
(In those dear days, whose memory, even,
Strong consolation oft hath given !)
But bore with it unto the Skies
Its hopes and trusts—its loves and joys,
Its sweet affections and its dreams,
Its visions and its cherished schemes,

Its darling wishes and beliefs,
And all—except its little griefs !
Bore with it all it loved and knew,
(That caught its own Celestial hue)—
Familiar and accustomed things,
That soared with it on soaring wings ;
Aye ! bore its *World* with it above,
Made strong through faith and strong through love,
Bade its own *World* with it arise,
And grow a portion of the skies !

LINES.

THE thronged Inhabitants of these proud Walls
Are still—and still the lately echoing halls,
The sounding passages and ringing floors—
Nor noise is heard of opening, closing doors,

No hum of busy tongues accosts the ear,
The chilling hush weighs on me like a fear.
'Tis Midnight's deep and calm and awful hour,
And the fixed stillness hath a sombre power ;
Shadows and Night and Silence are around,
And each and all are solemn and profound,
And one there is amongst the dwellers here,
In solitude most heavy and most drear,
Though all the Earth's thronged myriads should be there,
For him no breath should move the frozen air ;
He would be still approachless and alone,
Though nations round should greet the Silent One !
Yes ! One there is among the dwellers here,
Touched by no hope and shaken with no fear,
Moved by no thought and by no will impelled,
In Slumber's strictest bonds of slavery held,
A very King of Shadows and the Night,
And Solitude and Silence ! yet no might
Attendeth on that King—no pomp, no state,
No mastery, no prerogative, nor weight—

No vantage, no puissance, and no will,
No strength, no poliey, no choice, no skill,
No counsel, and no influence—no resource,
Senseless—unconscious lies the stiffening *Corse!*

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

My Heart ! thou art now a dreary aching void !
Far hence is all thou lovest—much is destroyed
And much for ever severed—yet away !
What weak wild words was I beguiled to say ?
The heart it is a delicate thing indeed,
And when o'er vanished blessings made to bleed,
And emptied of all treasures of delight,
Doth it remain a lifeless void, where Night
And gloom and breathless Silence sternly rest ?
Hath it no haunting visitants, no guest ?

Such blank dull emptiness it ne'er may know.
Surely it is not—no ! it is not so.—
Vacant remains the bird-forsaken nest,
The shell of its pearl-treasure dispossessed,
The vase whose incense-wealth is scattered far,
The channel whose glad streams exhausted are,
The hive whose honey stores are stolen away,
The mine whose hoards become the spoiler's prey ;
And lonely too the Temple and forlorn,
Whence the idol-figures have been rudely torn,
But Oli ! the Heart—the Heart—if emptied so
Of its dear treasures—of its trustful glow—
Of its enchanted hopes and smiling dreams—
Its darling fancies and its gentle schemes—
Too soon 'tis filled with shapes of sorrow then,
Phantoms of buried things that rise again,
And brooding bodings, too of future ill
That make its melancholy pulses thrill !—
And multiply Distraction—till 'tis bound
With countless griefs for which no name is found !

A thing too delicate is th' anxious Heart !—
 And if stern Pain assault it with its dart,
 And griefs torment it, and regrets pursue,
 Still rising up in shapes for ever new,
 If so 'tis emptied of all joy, nor buoyed
 By one sweet hope, yet—Oh ! no yawning void,
 No vacant hollow shell doth it become,
 But one dark, gloomy, spectre-haunted tomb !

ADIEU !

ADIEU ! my light of life, adieu
 To hope and joy, to love and you,
 The fatal hour is come at last,
 And all my peace is with the past !
 Adieu to thee, a long adieu,
 Be blest, be happy, but be *true* !

Fair smiles the glad and glowing morn,
How may its joyous smiles be borne?
Alas! that hours thus fresh and fair
Should bring the darkness of despair!
'Tis done, 'tis done, and I depart
With thee and death within this heart!

And must I hear that struggling sigh?
And must I view that tearful eye?
I feel not now mine own despair;
Hear, dearest one! my heart's fond prayer,
“To spare thy gentle bosom pain—
Forget me—till I come again!”

TO NAPOLEON IN THE GRAVE.

COME forth—thou harsh oppressor,
Thou marked and stained transgressor ;
Be thou the elect redresser,
Be thou now the intercessor ;
So may the dewy olive twine
Of pardon and of peace be thine.

Thou set'st the dire example
To tyrannize and trample,
Earth's rulers love such sample,
They should yield thee honour ample !
Be it thine to make sublime amends,
And call thy fellow-creatures Friends !

But no, thine hour is over !
Thou fiery discord-lover !
Who can earth's master-mover
I' the dust of death discover ?
Now—now the subject and the slave
Art thou of the all o'erpowering grave !

Could'st thou mark the mighty sorrows
Which each fresh fervour borrows
From fear of worse to-morrows,
While yawn Earth's deep-trenched furrows ;
Thou might'st lament—Oh ! sceptered Dead,
The wrongs by thine example spread !

For Oh ! when wrath's fierce fever
Is roused by mad endeavour,
It seems to increase for ever,
To sink and languish—never;
And thou that dreadful impulse gave,
So strong to harm—so weak to save !

Too soon man's heart embraces
With all that stains—debases ;
Too stubborn prove those traces,
Which nought but time effaces ;
So easy 'tis to inflict the wrong
Which Heaven alone to expunge is strong !

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Now Disappointment do thy worst and best,
Root out, not only from this tortured breast,
The love, the unbounded and the o'erwhelming love,
But even the power its passionate thrills to prove ;
But this may not be—Fate will grant not this,
Nor from my heart her furies *thus* dismiss !—
Oh ! I have travelled far, and still have found
The gloomy landmarks of my course (whose bound

Is that congenial and that pitying grave,
Which yet from sufferings and from wrongs shall save,)
Were still thine epochs—Oh ! unbending Power,
Who from the infernal realms hath claimed thy dower,
Dire Disappointment—fiend !—that still loves best
To plunge the knife in the most feeling breast !
Oh ! I have travelled on, unpausing still,
From bitter disappointment's venom'd ill—
To disappointments bitterer yet—and said
(Of nought the future had to inflict afraid !)
Again and oft again—“ Now Hope, farewell !
No more to me thy Heavenly falsehoods tell ;
And since within my soul thou'rt mute and dead,
Since I no more thy fatal pathways tread,
Deadened my life is, darkened is my light,
And calm monotony shall set all right !”
Thus I have said,—alas ! how vainly, still
The heart is treacherous to its latest thrill ;
Since ever have I risen from this fond dream,
Only to find thee shape some dearer scheme ;

Only to find thee wake with keener power,
In some unguarded, some defenceless hour ;
And then again to madden and to mourn
O'er dear delusions that can ne'er return !

STANZAS.

(FROM INEZ, AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

All—all now is lost
And tired—tempest tossed :
How fain would I lose
Life too, could I choose.

All, all now is lost,
This World seems the Ghost
Of the world that once was—
But *this* too shall pass !

All things are removed—
All I cherished and loved;
All of dearest and best—
Away with the rest!

All, all now is lost,
Each hope crushed or crossed;
And must I remain
To feel life is in vain?

OH! IF ONCE MORE.

Oh! if once more, I might but see
Each well known path—each long-loved tree—
And feel myself once more at home
Beneath the old wood's accustomed gloom!

And if once more I might inhale
That air which tells to me a tale
Of hopes as fresh, and dreams as fair
As ev'n itself—that chrystral air.

And if once more I might but hear
The old familiar music dear
Of those sweet streams—so blue, so bright,
That gush like floods of liquid light—

Once more I might become a child
In thought—and feeling—free and wild—
My heart a world—with visions rife,
A vision to itself—my Life !

I might take up Fate's tangled thread,
Where first with fibres black and dread
'Twas mixed—to endanger and enchain,
And weave the mystic web again !

LINES ON SUNRISE.

OH ! how beautiful, how fair
The Sunrise shows—the barren air
Is one luxuriant wild of hues,
For the crowned Sun unsparing strews
His coloured splendours over all,
More sumptuous than a royal pall—
With flowery treasures all outspread,
Appears the great vault overhead,
For many a cloud now burns and glows
Like the Summer's richest rose—
And some are like the golden showers
Of the bright Laburnum flowers ;
And some are like the violet,
(Though not like that in emerald set)—
In days of old mythology
A lovelier Flora of the sky

Had seemed at this bright moment born,
E'en on this glad and glorious morn !
So brilliantly o'er Heaven's clear floor
Seems scattered now the flowery store.

SONG.

BRING me a flower—a lovely flower,
To gaze on while I muse ;
And many a meaning fraught with power
Shall I even there peruse.

Bright Poetry is writ in fire,
Fair Rose ! thy leaves along—
And not the loveliest earthly lyre
Can shrine thee in its song.

It cannot picture forth the intense
 And burning glow thou bear'st;
 And speak unto the kindled sense,
 With half the might thou shar'st.

True wisdom preaches from your leaves,
 Pure Lilies, fair as day—
 The heart a solemn hint receives
 From your divine array !

A holy and a sweet renown,
 Blest flowers, 'twas yours to win—
 Ye call a regal pomp your own,
 Ye ! that ne'er toil nor spin !

Bring me those flowers, that I may think
 On that dread page which says,
 They toil not—yet all splendours sink
 Before their vesture's blaze.

Bring me a flower, some lovely flower,
To gaze on while I muse !
For Nature with her royal dower,
These for her crown doth choose.

OH ! COULD'ST THOU KNOW.

Oh ! could'st thou know, who never felt
The melancholy bliss of tears,
Thou'dst die with envy when I melt
In floods that bear the wrecks of years.

For with that weeping's effort soon
Old words, old dreams, old thoughts are stirred,
And tides that do not serve the Moon,
Heave wildly—nor will be deterred.

Dark waves, that long had closed above
The wrecks of happiest thoughts and ties,
The precious things of stricken love,
Then to the surface bid them rise !

The Past is all mine own again,
And I am Love's and Joy's once more !
And I awake alone to pain,
When that rich burst of grief is o'er.

Oh ! could'st thou know or guess how deep
The joy of tears can be, though vain,
Thou'dst die with envy when I weep,
Nor ever wish to smile again !

For ere that bliss be made our own,
The Soul must half be raised above,
Ere that unearthly joy be known,
The Heart must thrill with Heavenly love.

Then could'st thou, could'st thou dream or know
What raptures still these fond tears steep,
Thou'dst covet then my cherished woe,
And die with envy when I weep !

THOU ART NOT HERE.

THOU art not here—thou art not here,
And all is desolate and drear—
All—all that once seemed more than bright
Is worse than gloomy in my sight !

The Indifferent still these scenes may view,
Nor miss one charm, one smiling hue,
While they admire these prospects fair,
My Soul is sighing—“ Where—Oh ! where ?”

While they who love not wear away
 In sweet repose the live-long day,
 From Morning dawn till dawn again—
 My heart still whispereth—“ When—Oh ! when ?”

While they in calm contentment move,
 Which never dwells with suffering love,
 My Soul still asks, without reply,
 With feverish yearnings—“ Why—Oh ! why ?”

THE ESCAPE.

As the stream just freed from the iron frost,
 As the banner free to the proud breeze tossed,
 As the steed delivered from the yoke,
 As the slave whose thrall is newly broke,
 As the hawk, just stripped of the blinding hood,
 That soars at once in exulting mood
 To the azure heights of the glorious sky,
 With a wing as free as that unbound eye !

So feel I now—thus at length set free—
Oh ! Love ! from thy ruthless tyranny !
As the bark, that 'scapes from the rush and roar
Of a stormy sea to a quiet shore ;
As a rain-drop loosed from the sweeping cloud,
Which some flower's embracing leaves enshroud,
As the leaf of the Autumn that drifted far,
The sport of the winds in their howling war,
And that rests at length in some peaceful place,
From the headlong race—from the hurrying chase.
E'en so feel I now, thus set free at last
From the unrest and strife of the painful past,
And solaced, Love, from thy sufferings sore,
Which racked and tortured my soul before !
Oh ! sweet it is when the wild storms cease,
And the Elements rest in lovely peace ;
And happy it is when the strife is done,
When the battle thunders no longer stun,
When the conflict and all its pangs are o'er,
And dried are the crimsoned founts of gore,

But sweeter and happier far 'tis still,
When the Soul escapes from Love's mortal ill,
When at length it wins a serene repose
From Passion's stormy and fiery woes,
And rests in a stillness the more profound,
For its wearying struggles and conflicts, bound
In thy fatal yoke—Oh ! conquering Power !
Who seizes that Soul in an evil hour,
To vex it with sudden and strange alarms,
To turn 'gainst itself all its boasted arms,
Its proudest weapons of thought and will,
Oh ! a sweeter and happier change 'tis still !
And I joy, dark Love, with a rapturous joy,
That thy power *my* Soul is strong to destroy,
That 'tis girded up to abjure thy sway,
And to dash thy chains and thy yoke away.
I joy, Oh ! Love ! to be now set free
From thy harsh and thy haughty tyranny !
And at once to be through one victory blessed,
With boundless freedom and cloudless rest !

NO TROPHY-PILE.

No trophy-pile—no incense-pyre
For thee, thou Soul of light and fire !
And shall we see thee sink in dust,
And, to its vile embrace entrust—
Ah ! *not* the unfettered deathless mind,
But the poor slough it leaves behind !

No incense-pyre—no trophy-pile
Thou need'st, proud soaring Soul, the while !
Earth may forget thee, thou, the exiled,
Of other Worlds thou'rt now the child !
But she would know thee not—as thou
Art glorified and altered *now* !

No trophy-pile—no incense-pyre
For thee, winged Soul of light and fire !

Creation's the Cathedral-shrine
Meet for a Memory like thine.
All elements—all powers that be—
Telling Heaven—shall talk of *thee*!

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

QUEEN-Spring, now com'st thou in thy pomp and pride,
Ruling thy Vernal Empire far and wide,
Beauty and joy come with thee, and thou sweepest
In radiant state along—but while thou heapest
Thy rosy treasures prodigally still,
Till laughs the vale and shines the beamy hill,
Till wears the wood an hundred tender dyes
Of various green, whose fine diversities
Perplex the sense, (since Oh ! there is no end
To those pure tints that exquisitely blend

In One Perfection—not more various shows
 The Sunset sky when most divine it glows,
 The Rainbow's arch—or diamond's shining frame,
 Though *here* 'tis still another—and the same !—
 Variety in Unity—and Change
 In fairest constancy,—sweet contrast strange !)
 While joyauncy and splendour and delight
 Meet everywhere the pleased and flattered sight.
 Still, warbling fount *thou* seemest to complain—
 Set free from thine enfolding Winter chain—
 A tale thou tell'st of sweet and gentle grief
 To the reflected flow'r and mirrored leaf,
 And still dost thou a mournful aspect keep,
 Oh ! golden Willow—that dost bend and weep,
 With thy long lavish streamers, free and fair,
 That tremblingly caress the smiling air.
 And thou, with richest note and tenderest moan,
 Oh ! plaintive ring-dove, mak'st thy sadness known.
 Nature still keeps for heavy hearts that mourn
 A gentle sympathy—nor doth she turn

Away from these in all her state and pride,
But yet reserves for them soft tones aside,
For them a mild pathetic grace retains,
Which best can soothe their pent and bosomed pains.
While the glad-hearted can find nought but mirth
Through all th' enkindled Sky and gilded Earth,
The sorrowful can mark the accordant tone,
Whose soft complaints suit ever with their own !

TO-MORROW.

To-MORROW, what art thou ? what art thou not ?
No cloud can dim thy shine—thy smile can blot ;
Oh ! thou art joy and rest, and strength and power,
No gloom can o'er thy radiant aspect lower ;
No frown can darken o'er thy Sunbright-face,
Then shall we snatch the prize—then gain the race ;
Then win the victory, and the task achieve,
Then all our follies—all our faults retrieve.

Then shall the gladness of our great success
With more than mortal thrills of rapture bless,
And all shall wear a look of Heaven around,
Delight shall have no damp—and bliss no bound !
To-morrow ! thou art ever all in all,
No grief shall then oppress—no wrong befall ;
Oh ! thou art Empire—boundless and immense,
And Sovereign gifts of good shalt thou dispense !
And thou art Paradise and perfect joy
Without the dream of shadow or alloy !
Then shall we drain the cup, and cull the wreath,
Ours shall be Heaven above—and Earth beneath ;
Then shall our triumph be indeed complete,
The World—the World shall worship at our feet !
Then shall we gain the most divine repose,
And all forget our trials and our woes ;
Love shall still tend us, knowledge shall exalt,
And Peace in all our paths shall smiling halt,
Honour shall wait upon us, fortune serve,
No more our trust shall ebb, our purpose swerve !

To-morrow we shall laugh at thee, vain Past,
And reap the harvest of our hopes at last !
We shall then land upon the promised shore,
Safe from the billow's swell—the tempest's roar—
Take up in pleasant places our abode,
And toil no more in emulation's road,
And slippery paths of difficult access,
Oft wrung by Disappointment's chill distress.

To-morrow !—Oh ! to-morrow ! then indeed
Shall we surmount the mound and snatch the meed,
And then the wages of our toil receive,
And then the web shall we triumphant weave ;
That web—in painful progress yet more slow
Than hers who wept in silent widowed woe
In Ithaca's lorn lordless Isle of old,
She who the wearying days heart-sickened told,
And heavily with true affection mourned,
And still to one beloved object turned,
Her hands undid the labour of her hands,
But by *our* side some mocking dæmon stands,

Who still makes all our efforts end in nought,
And vainly have we struggled—vainly sought,
And fruitlessly have watched—and idly wrought ;
Some frail thread loosened, loosens then the whole,
And aches with hope deferred the sorrowing soul !
Discouraged, not deterred, we strive again
With fainter heart and with more troubled brain,
The same results repeated still to find,
Yet still to toil with fond devotion blind.
To spin the gossamer, to weave the sands
In stable twines, in strong and steadfast bands,
Were tasks as easy as to form and frame
To something actual, each disturbing dream ;
To make each dear illusion brightly be
A truth, a trust, and a reality !
Yet Oh ! to-morrow ! though to-day destroy,
Thy sun shall shine to light us to our joy !
Whate'er is hard and difficult to-day,
To-morrow shall be but as lightsome play ;
To-day, we stoop, we sink beneath the weight,
To-morrow we shall rise above our fate ;

Oh ! fair to-morrow ! what shalt thou not bring,
 What treasures at our feet shalt thou not fling ?
 To-day—much, much impossible we own,
 To thee can nought impossible be known !
 Oh ! thou art boundless Good and boundless Power,
 And Hopes hang on thee as in morning's hour
 Dewdrops on flowers and leaves, a dazzling crown
 Which the least touch shall shake too surely down ;
 And so fleet all our radiant hopes away,
 When bright to-morrow hath become to-day ;
 It ever proves too painfully the same,—
 Ever its nature changing with its name !

HOPELESSNESS.

Is there to these wild griefs no end ?
 Shall Time not comfort and befriend ?
 Must these unbathed, embosomed woes
 Find neither limit nor repose ?

No bound nor peace shall these e'er find,
These torture-tempests of the mind,
Till Passion or its prey are past
The limits of their life at last,
Till Passion or its prey succumb
Still must I suffer—still the sum
Of my dark sorrows seek to increase,
As though the excess of pain brought peace !
Alas ! 'tis false—it is not so—
We deaden not the sense of woe
By still imposing Cares on Cares—
Heaping Despairs upon Despairs !
The Heart is capable of All !
'Twill farther still, and farther fall !
And deeper drain, and deeper still,
The poisoned draughts—the dregs of Ill !

YES! I CAN SMILE!

Yes! I can smile—and almost learn
To smile without a pang of pain,
And hear gay words, and ev'n return
Words careless, light, and gay again !

And I can almost cloak and hide
The sufferings that I cannot check,
Yet not from scorn, and not from pride,
Still should the Sea conceal the Wreck.

I pray for pity now no more,
Nor shrink from Scrutiny's cold gaze,
Whatever may have moved before,
Nought now can shake my silent days.

I do not wish—I do not fear,
 But rest in stern and stagnant peace,
 Nay ! when I shed grief's bitterest tear
 I do not pray that pang should cease.

And yet, even in this frozen mood,
 As in Excitement's stormiest hour,
 Love, uncontrolled and unsubdued,
 Sways o'er my Soul with boundless power !

TO THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY,

ON HER REVISITING BELVOIR CASTLE AFTER A LONG ABSENCE

Thou bad'st me touch the chorded shell,
 Thou bad'st the breathing numbers swell,
 And I that mandate had obeyed,
 Or reluctantly essayed,
 But that with fascinated look
 Mine eye had wandered through thy book,

To find 'mongst its enchanted pages
Names—that still shine the stars of ages,
There have I read the magic strains
Of him who o'er young fancy reigns*—
She, that his high behest fulfills,
And yields whate'er he asks and wills;
And all her gifts o'er him are shed,
Through all her paths 'tis his to tread,
Her Fairy Kingdoms spread before him,
For him to enrich them and to explore them !
Her treasures opened to his view,
For him to exhaust them—and renew !
He—whose divine imagination
Hath, Ariel-like, searched through Creation !
And borne away its precious things,
Meet freight for those Ethereal wings !
Meet tribute too, for such a shrine,
Oh ! crowned with many Gifts!—as *thine* !

* Thomas Moore, Esq.

Nor yet—*his strains alone were there—*
Traced on thy pages pure and fair—
The pages of thy precious book,
O'er which with charmed and raptured look
Mine eye had wandered or reposed,
Where endless beauties shone disclosed.—
Other proud children of the Lyre
Had called up all their minstrel fire—
Collected all their fancy's rays
To light those leaves with fitting lays !
Could I then with ambitious aim,
To kindle Inspiration's flame—
Too rashly and too boldly seek
In me, alas ! but faint and weak—
And all presumptuously pretend
With theirs my lowly strains to blend !
No ! I had thrown aside the lyre
Nor dared to attempt nor sought to aspire—
But one bright theme—but one sweet word
Would thrill through each responsive chord !

Welcome!—Oh! welcome to these walls!—

Welcome to mine Ancestral Halls!

I might not check the cordial flow

Of thoughts that caught sweet Friendship's glow.

And let me on thy mind impress

One Truth, that needs not Fancy's dress—

(That claimeth—chooseth for its own

Truth's artless Eloquence alone!—

Nor scorn the simple lay I weave,

Which only asks thee to believe

The lay, *that Truth*, doth sole inspire—

Which may not ask thee to admire!)

Though in this renovated Pile,

Which Time forbore not to despoil—

Full many a change thine eye assails,

Till faltering Recognition fails,

Though scarce a stone remains the same,

(Those spared by Time escaped not Flame!)

Though altered all things round may seem

A clueless maze for Memory's dream—

The roof that arched above thy head,
The halls, that echoed to thy tread,
The towers, by stains of centuries dyed,
Whose gothic gloom frowned dark in Pride
Above the sweet and sunny Vale—
That tells a lovelier lighter tale—
The chambers, by thy presence graced,
The terraces, thy light foot traced,
The winding corridors, that wore
The dim stamp of the days of yore—
Though these, remembrance all defy,
And mock the retrospective eye,
Altered, transformed from what they were,
With studied toil, and laboured care—
Or varied from their aspect old,
By dire occurrence unforetold—
Even though thus deeply changed may be
The walls—the halls—that welcome thee—
Oh ! never doubt, that unestranged
The *hearts* that welcome—are unchanged !

ON A LEAF OF MYRTLE.

SWEET leaf—thou art a fine and fairy page,
Inscribed with lovely lessons deep and sage—
A delicate yet mighty page thou art—
And thy pure lessons sink into the heart;
'Tis to the heart thou mak'st thy soft appeal,
And Oh ! the truths divine thou dost reveal !
Thou, stirred and shaken by each breeze and breath
That trembles o'er thy shining parent wreath !
That thou should'st such deep truths unfold in power,
Thou sentient of each blight, each cloud, each shower—
That thou should'st hoard such knowledge, little leaf,
And breathe such mysteries—voiceless, still, and chief,
That thou should'st teach the restless mind to rest,
And consolations full of strength suggest,
And bid it from its gloomy musings rise,
And light it to divine discoveries !

And tenderly reveal and sweetly prove
How chastisements are sent in Heavenly love.
Thou when uncrushed dost little fragrance shed,
But Oh ! when bruised—how thy rich breathings spread
Their exquisite delights refined and rare,
Upon the enamoured and enchanted air.
Scarce scented when uncrushed ! but Oh ! when pressed,
No perfumes of that fabled Phœnix' nest,
Which sinks midst odorous flames and balmy light
With more delicious zest the sense could smite !
Ye and the Phœnix, in expiring give
The precious wealth ye hoard while yet ye live.
Sweet leaf ! when harshly rough rude hands assail,
What incense-breathings dost thou not exhale !
What oderiferous treasure in thee lies—
How redolent thy rich and fragrant sighs—
What wealth ambrosial hast thou not amassed,
Full long secreted and imprisoned fast—
Thus—thus our hearts in stern affliction's hour
Give out unto that grasp of iron power

Deep treasures, undisplayed—unknown before,
 Long nursed and hidden in their inmost core.
 Thus our own Minds, by dark misfortune ground,
 And crushed and aching with the recent wound,
 And wrung and sorely injured and oppressed,
 Glow with Golcondas we had never guessed !
 Mines of pure wealth unopened to the day—
 Then sparkle forth, their barriers reft away.
 Yes ! 'tis the mighty power of strong distress
 That makes us know what riches we possess.
 Curse not the active miner, Sorrow—No !
 Deep benefits from her stern service flow !
 'Tis hers within the pierced and stricken Mind
 Veins of inestimable price to find !—
 And these to open out and to display—
 Spread to the Sun—and dragged into the day !

Fair leaf of Myrtle—pure and perfect page—
 Wherein we read great Nature's lessons sage—
 Sweet is the comfort that 'tis thine to impart
 Unto *this* suffering Mind—*this* stricken heart !

So shall they yield, if Heaven allow and aid,
 Beneath the pressure and the burden laid,
 Virtue's own living incense—that before
 Seemed hid and choaked within their depth and core,
 Taught by Adversity to ache and bleed,
 So be their buried stores of sweetness freed !—
 So may they tenderly, thus tried exhale
 Breathings most precious on Life's stormy gale.

Fair leaf of Myrtle, thou art written o'er
 With touching truths and love-awakening lore,
 Where'er deep Nature's Manuscripts we find,
 There we glean hints that light and lift the Mind !
 And where, Oh ! where is there on Earth that spot
 Where the observant eye shall mark them not ?
 On the rude rock that spurns back Ocean's rage,
 As on this delicate and verdant page,
 Her wond'rous charactery we recognize—
 And meekly trace, if we indeed are wise !—
 The block of Granite and the blade of grass,
 The dewdrop's diamond and the mountain's mass,

The film of cobweb and the fleece of cloud,
All, all urge things 'twere well that all avowed—
The sweet breath of the South—the Sun's bright beam,
The hurry of the tempest's phrenzy-dream,
The flake of snow—the quivering spark of fire,
The spar's lit surface and the shell's wreathed spire,
The globe of dazzling disk, the grain of dust,
All tell of truths 'twere madness to mistrust !

All to the meek and watchful mind convey
Deep lessons, meet to guide it on its way;
All can some wealth of Wisdom's truth confer—
Impart some knowledge—free from blot or slur.

On the pure pages of Great Nature's book
Angels may fix undimmed their Sun-bright look,
Nor evil there nor error may appear—
But All of Nature's truth to Heaven is dear.

THE LADYE AND THE WARRIOR.

THE Ladye by the courser stood,
And checked all signs of grief and sorrow,
But lessened to a lofty mood,
She cried, "Remember me to-morrow !

" Remember me when in the field
'Midst dangers and 'mongst foes thou'rt moving,
My prayer shall be a charmed shield,
If there is strength in woman's loving !

" Remember how my heart will glow
With dear reflection of thy glory,
How 'twill with rapturous joy o'erflow,
Harkening thy triumph's gallant story."

The Ladye thus with boldness spake,
With eye undimmed and brow undaunted,
Yet did her heart with anguish ache,
Her bosom with fond terrors panted.

And changed and clouded grew her mien,
Soon as her Warrior-love departed ;
Of maidens true was she the Queen—
High souled—and Oh ! Angelic hearted !

That night by pure Madonna's shrine,
A wakeful suppliant, saw her kneeling,
The lamp that lit the face divine—
A face of death-white was revealing.

All deathly pale that brow appeared,
Her hair dishevelled, streamed neglected,
Where was that lofty mood she shared,
Where the bright courage she affected ?

Woman ! 'gainst Nature wilt thou strive
For the dear sake of him you cherish—
Nor outward signs of suffering give,
While inwardly ye pine and perish !

Courage—your Lover's risks to brave,
Must to your Soul be still a stranger—
Of fear and grief you're still the slave,
Whene'er to him there threatens danger.

Then nobler is such generous show,
For his sake of a mood undaunted—
Such seeming victory o'er your woe,
Victory unvalued oft—unvaunted !

The night—the day passed slowly on,
No tidings heard she of her lover—
The field was nobly fought and won,
The trial and the triumph over—

Time passed, and o'er that fearful field
The Vulture, bird of darkness, hovered,
And yet that form was not revealed,
Her lover's corse was not discovered.

At length amid the thickest pile
Of dead 'twas found—all stiff and gory,
The pale lips wore a stern dark smile,
As they'd just caught one ray of glory !

Unto the Maid he loved the best
They brought that corse with grief and mourning !
Oh ! meeting joyless and unblessed—
Alas ! for that most sad returning !

They found her kneeling mute and still—
Beside the sacred Altar kneeling—
There sought she for each earthly ill
The happiest help—the holiest healing.

They watched and waited for a while,
Bearing the pale corse of her lover—
That burial band—that funeral file—
Till the deep pray'rs were breathed and over !

Vainly they waited—one moved near,
And stooping down, with horror started—
Look on that form—so soft, so dear,
Angelic still—but broken hearted !

She wept and prayed, and praying died—
A gentle flower by Fate's blast shaken,
His Soul's long flight was scarcely tried,
Ere by *her* meek Soul 'twas o'er taken !

LINES

**ON AN ENAMELLED PARROT IN A GOLDEN CAGE, GIVEN ME BY LADY
LONDONDERRY, WITH HER HAIR IN THE CAGE DRAWER.**

THOUGH the Scarlet Loory of Manmadin
 For his wings may dazzling Sungifts win,
 As he bears through the spice-bowers and gum-tree groves
 The beauteous boy-sovran of smiles and loves,
 (Those loves as sweet to the young fresh Heart
 As that honeycomb tipping his deadliest dart,
 And rosy and radiantly glowing smiles,
 Wild and warm as the Sun-skies of Indian Isles)
 This Love-guided Loory though bright it be,
 My beautiful bird, is not beauteous like thee.
 Though the hues of Eve's Heavens bepaint his wings,
 Tho' he bears the young King who hath conquered Kings,
 Though where'er he moves he bequeathes to the breeze
 A breath of Celestial Amrita-trees—

Of the Camālāta from Paradise bowers—
 Of the mystic wreaths of the starry flowers—
 The undying and fadeless flowers divine,
 Which in beauty of bloom immortal twine
 Round the pointed darts in his Rider's quiver,
 Flowers—whose freshness and fragrance last on for ever !
 Though thus precious this Love-guided Loory may be,
 My bird, my fair bird, he must yield to thee !
 The Loory that beareth Parvati's Son
 Must yield to my brighter and dearer one !
 Whose burthen is sweeter than his is even,
 Tho' he bears the young Love-god of Brahma's Heaven—
 The Son of the Lotus-born—the Heart's Lord
 By a myriad vassals obeyed and adored—
 The young God of Love a fair burthen may be—
 But my bird—a yet fairer belongeth to thee,
 For thine is bright Friendship's diviner Power—
 No doubt of the heart, and no dream of the hour,
 No flash on the waste, and no froth on the wave,
 (Still a torrent to breast—and a tempest to brave !)

As Love's darker mystery for ever must be
In a World where the Passions are faithless as free—
Oh ! mine, mine brings a welcome and wealthy freight,
Of kind loves, that shall end not in discord and hate,
Of Friendship's calm feelings—the true and the deep,
Which unclouded, unchanged their mild fervours shall keep ;
Of remembrances sweet and affections dear,
Say then which doth the loveliest burthen bear ?—
And the ring of crisped and of shadowy gold,
Like the locks of young Goddesses worshipped of old
That lies coiled in the drawer of the fairy cage,
(For which champions of yore had arisen to wage
The tournament's gay and chivalrous war—
While that bright Prize had shone like a glittering Star
In the eyes of the combatants gathered from far)
That delicate ring of soft sunny hair,
So airily fine, and so fairly fair !—
What lovelier token could Friendship give
To bid gentle thoughts still in absence live—
What dearer Gift could Affection send,
My loved—my charming— my beautiful Friend ?

AN AUTUMNAL DAY.

No ripple on the wave was there—no tremour on the leaf,
And my heart—my heart lay still beneath the pressure of
its grief,

A golden gloom was saddeningly shed out on all around,
From the leaves decaying on the boughs, to those upon the
ground.

For Autumn mellowed then the hours—she with the gold-
bound brows,

And the leaves were dying on that ground—decaying on
those boughs;

And that deep pathetic Season still accords with Sorrow's
reign,

Then grief becomes a richer thing—a loftier mystery—pain !

Nature then takes in sympathy a soft and plaintive tone,
Our melancholy mirrors back, and minglest with our moan,
Her voice of sighs responds to ours—there broods a great
distress

O'er all the Earth so beautiful—yet who could wish it less?

All images of mournful things assailed my mournful thought,
Each leaf a little History of decay and failing brought;
I revelled in those mournful thoughts, and revelled in those
things,

Which seemed with kindred feeling then to thrill my heart's
deep strings!

Nature! when thus we own thy charm, and when we feel
thy sway,

Then the *selfishness* of suffering at least seems ta'en away;
Not for ourselves we deem it is we nurse our sleepless care
In the sufferings of a suffering World we sympathizing
share!

When where'er we turn, where'er we move, e'en universally
around,
A sadness dwells upon the air, the sky, the shadowy ground—
We seem unto a host of griefs to unlock the accordant heart,
In the sorrows of the sorrowing Earth we feel we bear our
part.

ADIEU TO ALL !

ADIEU to All that once could please and charm,
To all that could delight, inspire, and warm,
To anxious joys and to delicious cares,
To all the rich unrest the quick heart shares !
Henceforth Life's fond illusions I resign,
Henceforth let calm monotony be mine—
Imagination with her sunbright wings,
Hope with her troubled though her honeyed springs,

Youth with its rainbows and its Passion-flowers,
Love with his meteors wild and thunder-showers,
Pleasure with all her roses and their thorns,
And all that sweetens Life and that adorns,
Are but the sources of the Grief Supreme
With whose dark shadows Earth doth ever teem,
And all that wakes the heart, but wakes it still
To feel pain's bitter pang and torturing thrill,
To know the stings of anguish and suspense,
The sharp, the keenly-piercing, and intense—
Then sleep my heart—sleep now and never wake,
Forget to bound to thrill—to burn and ache !
Oh ! let me live in such cold breathless peace,
That almost consciousness of life shall cease !—
Let me to All breathe such a deep Adieu,
That I may even forget that *once* I knew.
Adieu to the ardent visions of the Soul,
The rich emotions through its depths that stole,
And to the Ethereal tremblings of the heart,—
The torture with the transports shall depart !

Adieu to all that shook this mind, o'erwrought,
And winged too wildly this impatient thought
To all the trouble of the strange delight
Which stirred my Soul—a tempest in its might—
Since still my happiness seemed evermore
A sea of waves that spurned an Earthly shore,
Yet gained no other—till these billows wild
Back on each other rolled—together heaped and piled !

WEEP NOT.

WEEP not mine own Beloved if thou should'st hear
Of my heart-broken sigh, my burning tear,
Weep not—if others unto thee should tell
How this torn heart doth with vain anguish swell.

Sorrow, in sooth, is good for all below—
 Pray for me, that I well may use my woe !
 Pray that this stubborn heart may melt and bend,
 If thou'rt indeed, Beloved ! my Spirit's friend !

Sorrow is good for all on Earth, we know !
 Pray that I well may use my bitter woe,
 If thou indeed my Soul's true lover art—
 The exalted friend of mine immortal part.

Love me, Oh ! love me—as in the olden time
 The stern sage loved himself—with love sublime,
 No partial weakness show, no fault forgive,
 Fit me to die, by teaching me to live !

Seek not one pang to soothe, one pain to spare,
 To cure one canker, or to charm one care.
 No ! love me with a loftier love severe,
 For the Hereafter's sake esteem me here !

O'erlook my present for my future good,
 And check each impulse of a tenderer mood,
 Oh ! wish me not one trial here the less,
 Nor strive to comfort me in my distress !

But Oh ! Beloved ! beyond all words to show,
 While thus thou seem'st to smile upon my woe,
 Forbear thyself to inflict the slightest pain,
 Nor give the wound thou *could'st* not heal again.

The wound ev'n *thou* might's seek in vain to cure,
 From thee, from thee, could I a slight endure,
 Or bear from that beloved hand a blow,
 Or feel 'twas thou that mixed my cup of woe ?

This were too much—this last worst dire despair
 Were more than Nature and than I could bear ;
 From this extreme of suffering and of ill
 Let the poor trembler be delivered still !

Oh ! welcome every grief and pang but *this*—
With this compared all *other* grief were bliss ;
I know—I feel no pure no heavenly fruit
Could spring from such a dark and deadly root.

No ! wrung and tortured, maddened and undone,
My hopes, my consolations, then were none.
A fatal recklessness, a blind despair
Were then my heavy and my hopeless share.

Beneath thy darkening frown, my troubled brain
Would whirl to phrenzy with th' o'erwhelming pain,
My stricken mind should be a withered scroll,
Alas ! a blow from *thee* would kill my Soul !

Let others teach me suffering then—do thou
Teach me beneath that suffering's yoke to bow ;
Let others wound with malice and with hate,
Do thou exalt my mind above its fate.

Let others fill for me the cup of wrath,
 Do thou point out the straight, but steepy path,
 Let others wring this heart of constant love,
 Do thou the dark and gloomy hour improve.

Then whatsoe'er my destiny below,
 In midst of all my mourning and my woe,
 One current of dear happiness *must* glide
 Soft through my darkened Being's troubled tide !

THEN AND NOW.

Of old I walked glad o'er this beautiful Earth,
 With an ear that drank in but the sounds of its mirth,
 With an eye that perceived but the pleasure and pride
 O'er the fair face of Nature spread freely and wide ;
 With a Soul that but answered each challenge of joy,
 Nor dreamt of delusion, nor knew of alloy—

I turned from the cloud on the bright ray to gaze,
Nay ! I saw not those clouds, blotted out by those rays !
Nor then heeded the sigh of the wind echoing long—
Ah ! I heard not the sigh—overborne by the song !
The sweet song of the birds in their freedom and bliss,
But that time was the deepest of contrasts to this !
Now, the Sun may shine out in crowned splendour and pride,
If *one* faint wreath of cloud be dim-frowning beside—
I mark *that*—but am blind to the Sun heav’ly bright—
Still I dream of the darkness, nor look for the light !
Now the birds may exult in as brilliant a strain,
If there *be* a low sound that seems still to complain,
Ev’n the slight shivery breath of the shrill moaning breeze
Dying—dying away ’mongst the unechoing trees,
That sound is the sound that *I* hear, full and strong,
Since I watch for the wail, and still shrink from the song.
Oh ! that sound is the sound that o’er me winneth sway,
For I mind but the moan, and I list not the lay.
Ah ! stern is the contrast and sad is the change,
And deep is the difference. and startling and strange

Of the days that frown now, and the days that smiled then.
And must joy and glad hope never shine forth again—
Must I walk o'er this blooming and beautiful Earth,
But to turn from its splendour and turn from its mirth,
And each cloud to detect, and each shadow to trace,
That dwell for a space on its exquisite face ?

THE WARRIOR'S PETITION.

I MAY not boast of haughty birth—
Yet let me prove my knightly worth—
Ladye ! I pray thee let me prove
What I can compass for thy love !

But promise me thy priceless smile
As the proud guerdon of my toil,
And let me see that crested Lord
Who dares to affront this fiery sword !

They talk of spell and mystic charm,
 The blood to rouse, to nerve the arm ;
 Oh ! never yet was charm so deep
 As that sweet Hope such smile to reap.

Ladye ! I boast no noble blood,
 But noble is the undaunted mood
 That swells the loyal champion's breast—
 To that how tame 's the Lion-crest !

From haughty Peer and Paladin
 Thy smile and blush I yet will win,
 From Kaiser crowned and sceptered King
 The palm will bear, the prize will bring !

Since never Paladin nor Peer
 Hath known to love with love so dear,
 Since ermined King—since Kaiser proud,
 Hath ne'er such passion's might avowed.

And that hath more than magic charm !
The strength of hosts is in this arm,
My sword is as a sword of fire,
A ravening tempest is mine ire !

Speak thou the word— and forth I go
To find in whom I meet— a foe ;
To challenge nations in thy name,
To fight Earth's armies for thy fame !

Speak then the word, fair Love of mine,
Grant me the pledge, and give the sign,
And Chief and sceptered Lord shall prove
How vast a power is lent to Love !

The iron Rulers of the North,
Who sweep like their own storm-blasts forth,
The turbanned Kalifs of the East,
Who revel in the gory feast,

The Captains of chivalrous war,
 Each, gallant Knighthood's shining star,
 The Chiefs of savage Cohorts free,
 Nature's unlaurelled Chivalry.

Kalif and Kaiser, King and Chief,
 Shall yield in conflict fierce and brief,
 All shall be challenged and defied,
 All shall be stricken in their pride ;

All shall confess my warlike claim,
 All shall be conquered in thy name,
 Strength, skill, nor numbers shall avail—
 When I, thy champion pledged, assail !

Seems this to be a boast too bold ?—
 No ! were it urged a thousand-fold.
 Not mine the power, not mine the might,
 But thine the triumph—and the right !

When I have bowed an hundred Kings,
When with my Fame the wide World rings,
When boundless glory is mine own,
Then will I make the mystery known.

When North and South and East and West
My prowess and success attest,
When nations own my warrior sway,
And my dominion all obey—

When through the magic of my sword
I reign of countless lands the Lord,
When Leaders and their Legions yield,
And mine's the universal Field,

Then will I publish and declare
The rightful Victor—bright and fair—
Forth to the enraptured World shall shine
Its Sovereign Mistress then—and mine !

Then shall the World its tamer see,
And then exult—enslaved by thee !
And high and haughty joy confess—
Hailing the Conqueror's Conqueress !

(And I shall grow yet prouder, sweet,
Flinging my crown wreaths at thy feet,
And unto thee transferring all
The honours to my share that fall !)

Then shall I raise the mask and show
The Nations their resistless foe—
The terrible, the stern, the dread—
Fairest of Forms on Earth that tread !

Then shall I lift the veil and show
The Rulers their all Heavenly Foe !
And they shall glory to resign
Their sceptres to such hands as thine !

Then Ladye, promise thy rich smile
To pay me for my Princely toil,
And I will prove thy Champion true,
And deeds—that yet are nameless—do !

And Paladin, and Prince, and Peer
Shall envy me in their proud sphere,
And own—with jealous rancour own
That Love commands success alone !

And Captain stern, and haughty Chief
Shall rage in vain with stormy grief,
Until their Victor bright they see,
And find their Conqueror, Love ! in thee !

LIFE'S PEACEFUL HOURS.

A soft splendour o'er Earth was full tenderly glowing,
Not dazzling—not deep—but all mellowed and mild,
'Twas a splendour serene of the Eve's Sky's bestowing,
And one ray ev'n the more had that pure charm defiled.

With an Echo's still voice seemed the clear fountain falling,
Like an Angel's bright shadow the Evening appeared,
The Scene and the Season alike were entralling,
No past hour could be mourned, and no future be feared.

There *are* hours in this Life—calm and happy and holy,
Which seem all to themselves—and set sweetly apart—
Free from Memory's fond fever—and Hope's fatal folly—
Like a lovely Eternity lent to the Heart !

There *are* hours in this Life when the Soul seems escaping
 From the trammels and thralldom it long had endured,
 When each thought for itself a bright course is out shaping,
 When each care is forgotten at least, if not cured !

And of such was that hour, which too fleetly departed,
 And left me once more to my pangs and my woes,
 Oh ! when shall peace come to the passionate-hearted,
 A changeless, a deathless, a *real* Repose ?

S T A N Z A S.

(FROM INEZ, AN MS. POEM.)

Oh ! hopeless, helpless, heartless state,
 Oh ! dark intolerable fate,
 The joy of my whole life become
 The desperation and the doom !

My dearest feelings turned to pain—
The consciousness of Life a chain—
The pride, the boast, the end, the aim
Become the sentence and the shame.

And shall I humbly bear my woe,
And kiss the hand that strikes the blow ?
Yes ! for to cease to love thee now
Were worse than every ill below.

I cling still to that fatal Love
'Midst all the sufferings that I prove—
And while I that impeach—accuse—
Would not for worlds consent to lose !

So fares the wretch whom many a wrong
Hath long subdued—and tortured long,
Whom Fate hath evermore pursued
With Hate's inexorable mood !

Still he exclaims 'gainst bitter Life—
Its woes—its wretchedness—its strife—
And still abjures—and still complains—
And execrates its crushing pains !

But when it seems indeed his doom
To sink into the sheltering tomb,
How hath he every grief forgot
That made him loathe his living lot.

'Then—then how doth he cling and hold
To all he spurned and scorned of old—
With desperate passion cling and cleave
To all that he is called to leave !

Then, then how lovely seemeth Life,
How light its load—how sweet its strife—.
How gladly would he empires give
A little longer but to live !

All that he thought the worst despair
 Seems then but dear and precious care—
 All he abhorred and loathed the most,
 He would regain at any cost !

Life—Life at any price again—
 Life with redoubled grief and pain,
 With miseries, sufferings, tortures rife,
 Life—still his Soul's one cry is Life !

Even so were I condemned to part
 With that rich phrenzy of the heart,
 Its griefs and sorrows should seem nought
 Compared with the anguish of that thought !

Then welcome were its torments all,
 Welcome the worst that could befall,
 Welcome all—any thing—but that
 Which brought deliverance *thus*, from Fate !

Yes ! so, even so, might I lay down
My gilded chain, my poisoned crown,
I would that Mercy's boon refuse,
And Life itself far sooner lose !

Life—Life and all that makes Life dear—
All hopes of future gladness here,
All pleasures that the Happiest prove,
And hold unto my hopeless Love !

Aye—hence with pleasure, hence with peace,
Nor my despair nor love shall cease—
For *thy* sake dear is Love's fond care,
And dear, for that Love's sake, Despair !

THE DREAMER'S GRAVE.

Oh ! make ye a Grave for the Fair and the Bright,
Whose feelings were raptures, whose thoughts were Heav'n's
Light !
Who lived a deep Life all of Visions and Dreams,
Whose dreams were more pure than the Mountain's pure
streams.

She is gone to the Land of her hope and her love,
And ne'er mounted a Heavenlier Spirit above !—
She is risen from amongst us, and never again
Shall we hail that fair form we must mourn for in vain !

A Grave for this Dreamer of Dreams, bright and young,
Be it fair as the scite of the old haunts she sung,
Since stilled now that deep burning heart that once beat
With a fervour consuming—a passionate heat !

Let it be where the brook sings its low song serene,
 And the wood tints the wave with the tenderest of green,
 Where fair Nature's repose is unaltered and deep,
 There the Dreamer of Dreams shall enjoy her last sleep.

There the Dreamer of Dreams to Death's cold yoke shall
 bend,
 And the long dreamless slumber enjoy to the end ;
 She shall thrill to the kindlings of Fancy no more,
 Oh ! calm is the Grave's lone and echoless shore !

The Inspiration hath passed from those chill silent lips,
 The light of that Spirit hath suffered Eclipse—
 But should we do wisely to grieve and regret
 That the Star of that loveliest of Spirits hath set !

No ! *not* free from dim Care's gloomy shadow and stain
 Was the gentle and gifted One's love-breathing strain,
 And the Dreamer of Dreams 'mongst her Visions of bliss,
 While she tracked distant worlds—traced reflections of this !

Then weep not and mourn not, but make ye her grave,
Where the light leaves are stirred, and where shines the clear
wave,
And believe that her Dreams are more rapturous by far
In yon plain of the Soul, and yon place of the Star !

RESOLUTION.

Now, my heart ! in the daring of utter Scorn
Be fearless and mighty and nobly upborne !
And arm thyself now with the fulness of Pride !
And breast thou dark Sorrow's o'erflowing tide.

Float not down that dark stream like the helpless weed,
Nor bend on the gale like the powerless reed,
But be like to the Oak, and be like to the rock,
Stand the tempest's sweep—stem the torrent's shock !

In the daring of utter pride and scorn,
 My heart ! be thou fearless now and upborne !
 And hurl thou back at insulting Fate
 Thy strong defiance—untamed and elate.

Shattered thou may'st be but never subdued
 By the rough collision—the contact rude—
 Crushed to the Death but unconquered still—
 And lofty and proud to the latest thrill !

Yet Oh ! not the weakest of Spirits that bow
 To each stroke of Fate ever felt as thou,
 Words were but weak and but vain to show
 The wildness and depth of thy Love and woe !

Still—still in the daring of utter Scorn
 Mighty thou shalt be and proudly upborne,
 For *thyself* thou scorn'st—and each tenderer mood
 By which hearts less soft have been sooner subdued !

OH! HOURS OF THE PAST!

Oh! hours of the Past, chained together with flowers,
And lit on your way by the heavenliest of rays—
Where, where are ye now with your gifts and your powers,
Dear hours of departed and exquisite days?

Can it be ye are gone and for ever?—no more
Must I gladden my Soul with your blameless delights?
Ye bright waves! ye have flung on a desolate shore,
The heart that once mocked at Fate's blasts and her blights.

What mirth and what music were crowning those hours,
What glory and gladness still played o'er their path,
'Twas the precipice veiled by Joy's false fairy bowers,
And thy meteors Hope! smiled o'er the pitfalls of wrath!

Oh ! ye hours of delight !—ye but woke in my heart
 All its warmest of feelings, and wildest of powers,
 All its truth and its love—then like dreams to depart,
 And to leave *but* the serpent that lurked 'mongst the flowers.

Yet 'tis well since ye were thus to part and to fly,
 That ye parted thus swiftly and vanished thus soon,
 Ere ye taught me to heave yet a bitterer sigh—
 Ere the Morn's dawning passions had deepened with Noon !

THE WILLING VICTIMS.

OH ! Sorrows from Love's dark Dominion that flow,
 Oh ! tumults and turmoils—Oh ! tempests and trials,
 While we suffer the bitterest distractions of woe—
 And wrath empties o'er us all its fearfullest vials !

We pine in a chill bosom-solitude drear—

We sigh and we sadden, we mourn and we madden—
Our feelings grief-cankered no joy comes to cheer—
Our hearts overladen, no Hope comes to gladden.

And still we unceasingly groan and complain,

And deprecate ever Love's fatal dominion !
While we shrink from his charm—from his scourge and his
chain,

And the sweep of his fiery—his Hurricane-Pinion !

But still who would wish from these evils to escape,

And, who from his tyrant would sunder and sever ?
Oh ! Love take thou Sorrow's worst, deadliest shape,
But let us still groan—willing Victimis for ever !

Who but feels that e'er felt that deep Passion's wild sway,
Whate'er be the sufferings stern Fate deals unsparing,
Whate'er be the shadows Love throws round their way,
Not to Love were yet worse—than to Love on despairing.

NATURE'S GLADNESS.

IN Nature's joy is something holy still,
It seems some mighty mandate to fulfil,
And more immediately from Heaven to flow,
And still to rise from this dim Earth below !

Yea ! more immediately to Heaven to rise,
Scarce lent ere it returneth to the Skies !

There is a sacredness in even her mirth,
From Springs so pure it ever takes its birth !
How different from *our* forced festivity,
Our oftentimes hollow heartless *human* glee !

The fawn's exulting bound and lightsome play,
The bird's glad glancing in the sunny ray,
The insects' mazy flight and busy hum,
Near which all other sounds of joy seem dumb
All have a charm peculiar, and distinct
From all, that seems with *our* rejoicings linked—
And the most wounded heart on Earth that mourns,
Scarce with disgust from that sweet gladness turns,

Though Oh ! so far beyond all *we* may share,
Who find in every wreath the thorns of Care—
So far beyond the bliss that we may know,
Slaves, exiles, prisoners in this World below !
Lark ! let me bless thee on thy happy flight,
And thy rich ostentation of delight !
A blameless ostentation—never meant
To grieve the wretch unblessed with like content !
Thou tell'st the Earth and Heaven that thou art glad,
Unconscious that one single thing is sad,
To thee all living Nature still must seem
Wrapt in one cloudless, one ecstatic dream !
Fawn ! let me watch thee at thy blithesome play,
With eyes and heart the while almost as gay,
We feel thy innocent and gentle glee
From every shadow, every stain is free ;
No inborn pang that outward gladness mocks,
No truth it shames, and no remembrance shocks ;
Pure, and even perfect as 'tis pure, it is—
Our childhood dreamt of such a bounding bliss !

And Oh ! 'tis something, surely something still
 In this strange life of trouble and of ill
 To see—to feel the joys left yet on Earth,
 'Midst much of mourning seems there more of mirth !

NEVER AGAIN OH ! HEART !

NEVER again Oh ! Heart—that once believed,
 Canst thou thus sweetly, brightly be deceived—
 How once thou feastedst on thy full-blown dream,
 That dream that swift departed beam by beam,
 And left thee from its radiant trammels free
 To Life and Life's abhorred Reality !

Small comfort 'tis to me that now I know
 My fancied joys did from *false* sources flow.
 That now I know 'twas but Illusion all,
 Which I was fain my Happiness to call !
 What matters it to me that 't was not true,
 Since nought beyond the darling cheat I knew,

What mattered it to me since I *believed*,
 Since I was *utterly* and *all* deceived.
 Oh ! let me be again deceived and blest,
 Force back the Falsehood, and restore the rest !
 The lost delights revive—the dream renew,
 The false we *trust* is truer than the true—
 For while it lasts 'tis all indeed our own,
 Our Soul its element—our heart its throne !
 The outward World's cold breath there may not come,
 The mind enspheres it in a Star-like home.
 In our existence it exists—derives
 Its food from our strong fancy—while it lives
 The Life of living souls—intense, supreme—
 And what hath truth to give worth such a Dream ?
 Yes ! while it lasts it is *ourselves*—and we
 Must doubt our life ere its Reality !
 And oh ! 'tis *real* ! 'tis truer than the true !
 Our own Possession and Creation too !
 But let us wake not—close the willing eye—
 Dream—dream and be deceived—dream on—and die !

LIFE'S WORST GRIEF.

HEART and Brain

Lorn ye are—

Weariest Pain !

Worst Despair !

Could I break

Yoke and chain,

Could I wake

Hope again—

Could I win

Back to sight

Dreams akin

To Delight—

What were this,
What were aught,
Bright with bliss
To my Thought !

There's a grief
Dearer far
Than Life's chief
Blessings are !

Heart and mind
Deeply know
Strangely find
Joy in woe !

Heart and Brain—
Spurn relief,
Court their pain,
Love their Grief !

Love!—dark word,
Thou makest still
Each Heart's chord
Jar and thrill!

Love can sole
Thus bestow
Bliss in dole,
Joy in woe!

Love's excess
Sole can make
Hearts to bless—
While they break.

Seems his Care
Precious even!
His Despair
Dear as Heaven!

Grief and Gloom,
Toil and Tears,
Death and Doom,
He endears !

Therefore Love
Thou art still
Far above
Every ill !

Therefore Love
Thou'rt Life's worst—
Since we move
Self accursed !

Since we twine
Round our chain,
And resign
All to pain !

Since each spreads
Coals of fire
On his head
In self-ire.

When o'erpowered
By thy might,
As he showered
Stars of Light !

Other grief
Seeks redress—
Craves relief
'Mid distress.

Worse, far worse—
Love ! thou art,
Cherished Curse—
Of the Heart !

Worshipped Wrong—

Blessed Bane,

Stern and strong,

Stands thy reign !

Giant-Power !

Nursed and fed

Hour by hour

Still by dread.

Dread and Doubt,

Shame and Strife—

Close about

Love's wild Life !

These and things

Deadlier yet,

Darker springs

Of regret—

Fuller sway,
Firmlier strength,
Ficer play
Lend at length !

Ev'n to him—
Earth's crowned Lord,
Dark and dim,
Feared—adored !

No escape
Ours may be—
Every shape
Smiteth thee !

Gloom and Wrath,
Storm and Flame,
Still thy path
Is the same—

We wish not
To be saved !
By our lot
Crushed—enslaved.

Still we kneel
At thy shrine,
Who could heal
Wounds of thine ?

Who would seek
To be spared ?
Fond and weak
Yield the ensnared.

Who would choose
To be free ?
And *thus* lose
Grief and thee !

They would call
On thee yet—
Would do all
But forget !—

They would cling
Round thee still
Fatal thing—
Mortal Ill !

More and more
They shall bear,
Who adore
Their Despair !

Therefore Love !
Foe of Foes,
Thou 'rt above
All our woes !

Thou'rt the first
Heavenly-miened !
Thou'rt the worst
Cherub-Fiend !

Therefore thou
Ev'n 'mongst all—
Griefs that now
Men befall—

Stand'st alone
First and worst,
Deadliest known,
Most accursed.

Thou, ev'n thou,
Sternly art
Brand to brow,
Hurt to heart.

Grief hath devoured my thoughts and, worm-like fed
Upon my very heart— not cold nor dead !—
But fraught with over-Life—*too* keen and wild,
For ever was I Passion's truest child.—

My world around me into ruins fell,
And yet was I condemned therein to dwell,
A chaos 'twas of darkness, and of fire,
And I was not permitted to expire—

The Heavens to me seemed as a withered scroll,
The Earth one blasted wreck from pole to pole—
All Nature but one hideous ruin wide,
Dismay and horror frowned on every side,
All seemed one vast and yawning grave to be,
And yet no sheltering grave yawned there for me !

I felt I was but kept, still living there,
By the vitality of my despair—

The o'erwhelming Feeling which I writhed beneath,
Built up a barrier 'twixt myself and Death,
The universal Death, triumphant frowned
Where'er I turned my hopeless eyes around;

No sign of life nor feeling could I see,
And yet there came no Death to gladden me !
All Life concentrated seemed, in *my* wrung Soul,
And anguish and Despair possessed the whole !
All that was Life was misery and despair,
And the dark whole fell harshly to my share !
But yet, 'tis not too late—'tis not too late,
Oh ! Happiness ! for *thee* to change my fate !
In woe, as in stern Winter, dormant lie
The germs of bountiful Fertility,
Concealed but not destroyed—the smiling Spring
Still calls to life full many a precious thing—
Oh ! Happiness !—my sunny Spring be thou,
Come, come and sway my whole Existence now !

LINES

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

I know not that I love thee—but I know
That joy thy presence is—thine absence—woe,
That round thee gleams a very Summer-shine
Of dreams and hopes and visions half divine,
That round thee glows a deep unearthly light
Of Phantasy and Inspiration bright;
That where thou art all things are beautiful,
And where thou art not, dim and dark and dull.
That Life seems one rich rapture by thy side—
An ecstacy—till then unknown, untried.
Away from thee a suffering and a Death,
A bitter burthen of unmeaning breath—
Do all feel even as I intensely feel,
Do all at one same shrine in homage kneel,

And watch for every word and look of thine,
 And find each look and ev'ry word divine ?
 Do all, when thee awhile they dwell beside,
 On the sweet stream of thy enchantments glide—
 Surrender up their Souls to thy bright sway,
 And think too short the longest Summer's day,
 Wherin to do thee homage deep and true,
 And service loyal—thine unquestioned due ?
 Do all for ever do as *I* have done,
 And in thine eyes seek out their only Sun ?
 Ah ! yes !—and so methinks it is not love,
 Since all the same enchanted Feeling prove
 Love is not universal ! can it be
 The zeal with which *all* learn to worship thee ?
 I know not that I love—but this I know
 One look from thee is worth all else below !
 Those deep dark Heavens of Beauty that surprise
 The Soul with admiration—those sweet eyes
 Colour the Earth to me with light and love,
 As sunshine coloureth the Skies above !

Thy voice is music to my Heart's rapt core,
A full and perfect music, and yet more—
It makes all else a music to my Soul,
Blest sounds throughout its listening silence roll—
I know not that I love—but this I know,
All hearts go with you whereso'er you go,
I know where'er you dwell where'er you move,
The Earth becomes a Paradise of love ;
That in your radiant presence fair and bright,
There lives the life of life the light of light,
That your dear smile can this lorn World array
With a new beauty of celestial day,
That but to hear the whisper of that name
Fills all my heart and conscious cheek with flame,
And thrills through all my bosom and my brain
With pleasure deepening on to deepest pain.
I know not that I love thee—surely not
More than all others—whose thrice happy lot
It is—or hath been, but to look on thee,
The climax of all Life's felicity.

I know not if I love thee—but I know
That nothing else at least I love below.
There *is* a World, but 'tis alone for me
Contained—concentred in that one word *thee* !
'Tis thee I see, I feel, and heed alone,
Others may own to Thousands—I to One !
And Suns and Planets roll unheeded by
Before my fixed and undistracted eye,
The spot whereon thou stand'st my World is all—
Or bounded there, where doth thy *shadow* fall !

TRUTH AND FANCY.

PASSION and Passion's fiery light
May sink and set long, long ere Night,
And Hope's bright smile, and Fancy's ray
Forget their sweet and restless play,
But yet enough on Earth remains
Still to endear Life's mortal chains.

For shadows gently seem unfurled
Ev'n of a higher, better World—
Loves, Charities, Humanities,
All that Man's natural heart should prize,
And chastened hopes and tempered fears,
The experience and the truth of years,
These may be ours, and it is good
To share these, and a tutored mood.

The vision and the dream are o'er,
The dear illusion comes no more,
But calm realities there are,
Worthy of all our trust and care.

The golden mists have cleared away,
But shines no golden light in Day ?
The dews are kissed from leaf and flower,
But hath the Sun no sparkling power ?

Whatever Fancy may have been,
Howe'er she lit this mundane scene,
Truth hath yet mightier gifts in store,
A richer and more varied lore.

Oh ! never heed what they may say,
Who vaunt Imagination's ray
Above the Sun of Truth's full light—
A more than Giant in its might !
This world is full of precious things,
And every day some new gift brings,
If we but keep a watchful eye
On the infinite variety !
Still opening out before our view
Are endless wonders strange and new—
Fancy's sweet world is glad and fair,
And many a rich delight is there,
But Oh ! Reality's is still
The work of more consummate skill,
Th' impress of a diviner hand
Doth admiration there command.
Our fairy-phantasies we form
Life-like and lovely, fair and warm,
And beautiful they are and bright,
And full of harmony and light,

But weak and worthless they appear,
The works of Heavenly wisdom near !
When we are tired of that which charmed
Our youthful bosoms (waked and warmed
By every tint and every touch
Ofttimes too deeply and too much—
That winged Imagination's power
Bestoweth in her rainbow-hour)
And turn from these delights away
To look upon Life's common day !
When we (the while we grieve and mourn)
To Truth's deep World eternal turn—
Then with soothed heart and gladdened mind,
How oft do we astonished find
A new World brightening more and more,
Of which we ne'er had dreamt before,
And kindling out before our gaze,
To fill with transport and amaze !
Things actual, true, and certain seem,
To shame our poor and fragile Dream !

The Truth doth Fiction still surpass,
As the object the reflecting glass—
The substance the faint shadow cast
Behind it—and it *is* surpassed !

Oh ! in this world the True the Real
Are things that far outstrip th' Ideal !

The chain we snap, the spell we break,
And thousand sweet discoveries make ;
Things that till then unmarked have been,
Things we have noted not—scarce seen,
Take then fresh shapes unto our eyes,
And strike with kindlings of surprise.

Imagination, like the Moon,
But boasts of light, a lavished boon,
She borroweth ever, nor doth know
The source from whence her riches flow.

Truth, like the Sun, immortal shines—
Within himself, those golden mines
That make all wealth, all pomp, all light—
For ever excellently bright !

Oh ! but this World—the vast, the wide,
At every point, on every side,
Beneath, around, apart, above—
Is full of loveliness and love !

It is a world of precious things,
Where future Powers may plume their wings,
And teach themselves indeed to be
Worthy of Immortality !—

Where future Angels well may learn
With Heavenly zeal of love to burn !

And yet the more we mark and know,
The more we find, above, below—
Perfection—boundless and sublime—
Even in this World of Death and Time.

Oh ! let us walk with watchful eyes,
Nor slacken our quick energies,
If we would half the wonders learn,
And half the splendid truths discern,

That everywhere indeed abound
Our faltering mortal steps around.

CHILDISH MEMORIES.

'MIDST Passion's conflicts in our riper years,
Amidst its hurricanes of sighs and tears,
How ever and anon sweet Memories rise
Before our tortured and distracted eyes
Of our own smiling childhood, glad and gay,
Ere the dear doves of Peace had flown away—
When all was beautiful with heart-born joy,
And we were unconversant with annoy,
Like shaken Banners do those Memories sweep,
(Torn but amidst the Battle's terrors deep,
Shining and glittering) – o'er the gloomy field,
Which they, and only they, adorn and gild,
And to that darksome stage of fight and drear,
They lend a troubled show of brilliant cheer.
Fair Banners ! droop and cling around your staves,
Fierce blows the storm, the battle-tempest raves—

How may your streaming shreds endure the blast—
And still the angry sky grows more o'ercast,
The strife still deepens, and the combat grows,
Fired with strong hate foes thickly croud on foes—
The broil still gathers, and the conflict spreads,
Trampled in dust must lie those glittering shreds,
Their brightness tarnished and their hues effaced,
Their lustrous blazonries no longer traced,
Their folds of fluttering grace more fiercely rent,
Lost in the storm, to which such light they lent.
But 'tis not so!—amidst the gathering gloom
The thickening horrors of encroaching doom—
The wild confusion of these conflicts rude,
The sternest struggles of that hideous feud,
The dread collision and the deadly shock
That seems Endurance's wearied powers to mock,
Those banners, still they brave the stormy blast,
They flutter on and glitter to the last!
While the proud plume and conquest-claiming crest
Are stripped of all their honours, and depressed,

And the fierce Battle's marshalled Powers commence
 To falter in defiance and defence—
 Those floating banners still their faint gleam lend,
 And flutter still—and glitter to the end !

LINES.

Go ! in thy strength and state,
 Go and be proud and great !
 While East and West and South and North,
 Thousands thy name are thundering forth,
 A little whisper, deep and clear,
 Yet, yet shall tremble to thine ear !
 Go in thy Power and Pride
 With Fortune for thy Bride !

Sweep on in strength and state,
 Go ! and be proud and great !

'Thine still is manhood's noble prime,
 And far into the future time
 Appears the promise to extend
 Of thy fair triumph without end ;
 Go in thy pride and power,
 Son of a shining hour !

Go ! and be proud and great—
 Triumphant and elate,
 For Happiness, indeed, perchance
She, she may shun high Fortune's glance,
 But thou know'st deeply strangely well
 The force of haughty Power's strong spell—
 Go and be proud and great,
 Go in thy Strength and State

Go in thy Power and Pride—
 To thee is nought denied !
 Though Peace of Mind and Happiness
 May smile not on thy great success,

**Thou, thou know'st Empire's sovereign worth,
And see'st but Thrones and Realms on Earth,
Go ! and be proud and great,
Go ! in thy Strength and State !**

**Go ! in thy Pride and Power—
Improve the auspicious hour,
Amongst the loftiest of the high,
The favourites of the indulgent Sky,
Take thou thy place, and act thy part,
Thou that the elect and chosen art,
Go ! in thy Strength and State,
Go ! and be proud and great !**

**Go ! in thy Pride and Power !—
I' the van of Greatness tower—
Thy Destiny expects thee now,
The circle waits to grasp thy brow,
And why should'st thou affect delay ?
Pause not on thy propitious Day !**

Proceed in Power and Pride—

Nor turn thou once aside !

Go ! and be proud and great !—

Go ! in thy Strength and State—

Thy brilliant Fate ev'n now embrace,

No haughty step shalt thou retrace—

Who that an end so glorious hath,

Ere turns or trembles on his path ?

Go ! in thy Strength and State,

Go ! and be proud and great !

Go ! in thy Power and Pride—

Thine own high Doom decide—

The smiling Future is thine own,

'Tis rife with Glory and Renown—

A very courtier unto thee—

Becomes the starred Prosperity !

Go in thy Power and Pride—

She moves still at thy side.

Go ! and be proud and great
Go ! in thy Strength and State !
Bright fruitful Provinces expand,
Fair laughs the sweet and sunny Land,
One cry peals forth—'tis still the same,
One long resounding cry—thy name !
Go ! in thy Strength and State,
Go ! and be proud and great !

Go ! in thy Pride and Power !
The palmy wreath—the flower—
The flourished rose of state—the shield—
Where badge Monarchic shines revealed—
The emblazoned symbol and the sign—
And seat of Sovereignty are thine.
Go ! in thy Power and Pride—
The Ruler's World is wide !

Go ! in thy Pride and Power,
Thy Sky knows not to lower—

It spreads one blazed triumphal arch
Of Stars propitious o'er thy march.
No shadow o'er thy Fortune frowns,
Surely thy *heart* no shadow owns—
Go ! in thy Power and Pride—
With Wisdom for thy guide !

Fail not thy favouring Fate—
Sweep forth in Strength and State—
Heed not that whisper low but clear
Which yet shall tremble to thine ear,
Heed but *that* voice within—without—
Which saith—with thrilling cry—with shout—
“ Sweep on in Strength and State—
Go ! and be Proud and Great !”

THE BELOVED IMAGE.

THINE image in my Soul is stamped
 Deep, deeper with each passing day,
 By Memory's magic torch-light lamped,
 Which feeds on that it doth display.

Thine image reigns there evermore,
 In growing, deepening beauty reigns,
 But it consumes that bosom's core,
 Which thus conceals it and contains.

That life-blood which itself should warm,
 All to that precious guest is given,
 Love!—thou'rt a dear but deadly harm,
 Deadly indeed—but dear as Heaven!

And still in truth, Oh! still my Soul
 Thy dearer self that image is—
 It is my Life's—my Feeling's whole—
 My all of Being's—all of Bliss!

LIFE ! AS WE STILL.'

LIFE ! as we still on thy strange pathway move,
We leave behind the things we fondliest love—
Hopes turn to doubts, smiles tremble into tears,
And our expectancies grow dark with fears.

First our delights and then our comforts part,
Then Life what yield'st thou, desert that thou art ?
Thorns but no rose—no honey but what stings—
And storms that waft no rainbow on their wings.

Life ! thou dost darken and dost fade away,
Dost lose a charm, a grace, still day by day—
As though thou would'st a mournful likeness wear,
To thy cold shadowy Sister frowning near !

TO THE STARS.

HIGH and haughty and Monarchic Mysteries !—

Crowned with Grandeur of a God-given Strength !—

Oh !—could Man but read your Heaveuly Histories

Thus, might Man true Wisdom learn at length !

Glorious Stars ! how proudly ye invite me

Forth to wander, free from gloom and care,

With your smile in the opening Heavens to light me

While the world seems Shadows all, and Air !

But, ye Stars !—too much do ye sublimely

Speak of other Realms—august and bright,

While with sighs prophetic and untimely

My sad heart disturbs the lull of Night !

Proud, and glorious, and triumphant Wonders!—

What have ye with mortal things to do?—

Yet, with tones more deep than rolling thunders,

Speak your Tongues of Light—that pierce us through!

Dread, mysterious, and illustrious Strangers!—

Scarce can I endure your stately show,

Even the view of your proud pomp endangers

My quick Soul's unstable peace below!

Great, and wonderous, and victorious Splendours!—

One by one ye shine, to sway that Soul—

Till, o'erpowered and vanquished, it surrenders

All its Thoughts to your profound controul!

But, those Thoughts are by your aspect troubled,

Ever far too prompt are they to aspire!—

Then they quickening spring with strength redoubled—

Stirred and smitten by your looks of fire!

Mighty Visitors !—high-throned—far-beaming !—
 What have they in common with our Earth ?
 Each—in his own conquering glory seeming
 In himself—still Heaven's own Heavenliest Birth !

Glorious Stars !—when first that chain is broken,
 That dark chain which binds me to the World,
Then, shine forth—then be each ray a token,
 Each rich beam a banner-scroll unfurled !—

Telling all of Victory and of gladness,
 Lifting from my Thoughts all memories vain
 Of mine ancient Earth-engendered sadness,
 Of the anguish of my mortal pain.

Yea !—Oh ! Stars !—even then—even then invite me,
Then—then, woo me to your flaming path—
 Crown me, raise me, cheer me, then, and light me
 When mine eyes close on this World of Death !

But, *now—now*—while I dejected wander,
 'Tis but grief to gaze on your proud show,
 Oh ! 'tis misery to gaze yearning yonder,
 Bound and fettered to this Earth below !

Glorious Stars !—I shrink thus from your presence,
 Too disturbing to my fervent Soul—
 Till the time its disembodied essence
 May rejoin ye—and attain its goal !

Proud, and sovereign, and victorious Strangers !—
Then shall ye illume its wonderous way !
 YE, that fixed remain—and YE—far rangers,
 Circling round the Eternal Orb of Day !

Then—clear-mirrored in the immortal Spirit,
 Shall ye shine—with added glories crowned,
 Light more pure than yours shall *that* inherit
 When it once hath burst its Earthly bound !

Dread, Mysterious, and Illustrious Splendours !—

Then shall ye be bared to its strong ken,
Faint the homage is, which *now* it renders—

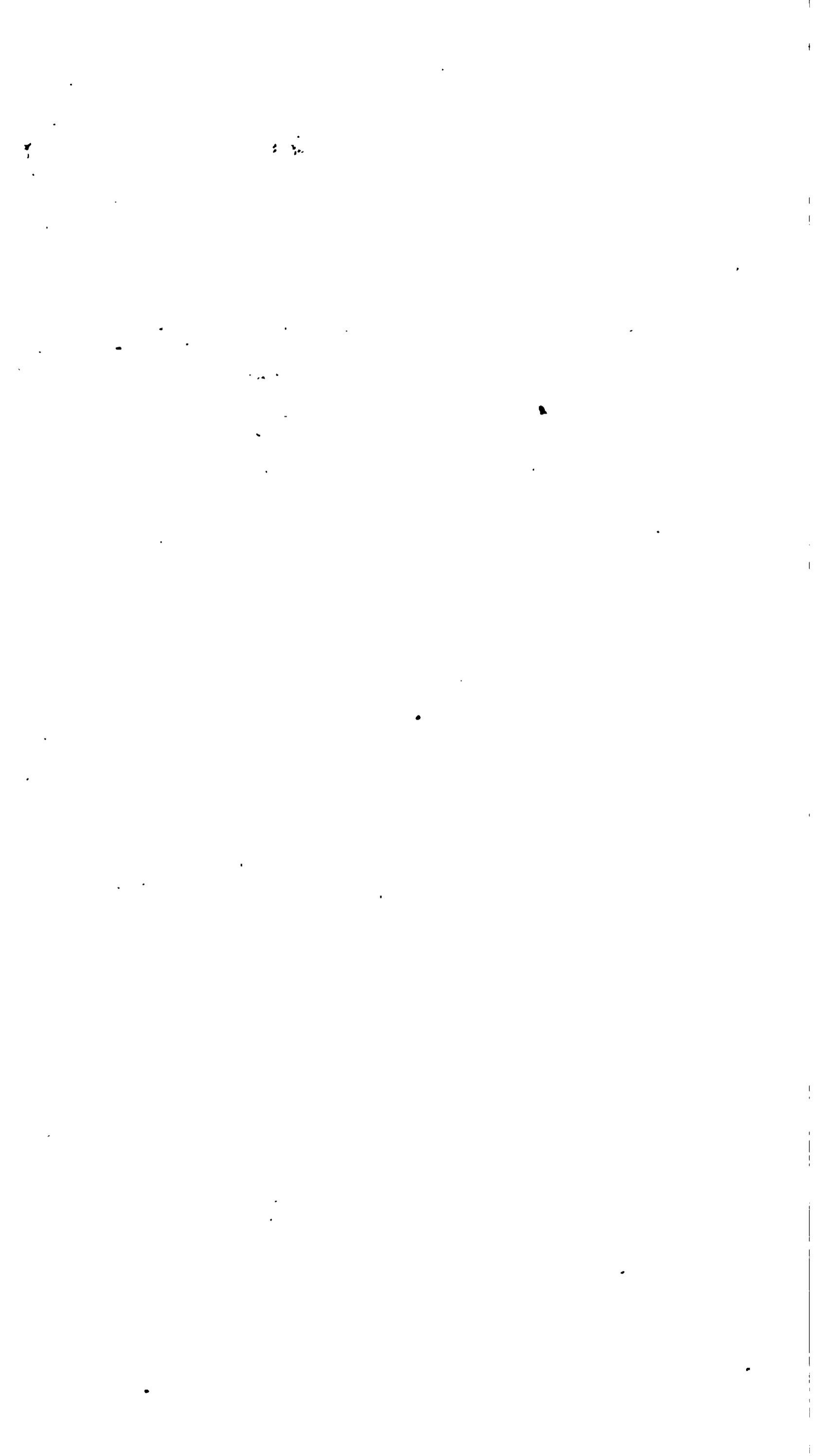
To your shrines—but such 't will not be *then* !

Oh ! ye Mysteries of the Heavens above us !—

Great, and Glorious, and Harmonious Stars !—
Gaze ye not, like Angel-things that love us !—

On our wrongs—our sufferings—and our wars ?

END OF VOL. I.



LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS.

BY

THE LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

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LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS:

THE COMMENCEMENT OF SPRING.

'Tis the first flush of Spring—now leafy dells
Resound with bird-notes—flourished canticles
Swell forth from every golden shining spray
That sparkles in the flooding light of day,
Earth prides her in her vernal furniture,
So delicate and freshly fair and pure,
And puts on all her ornaments, as might
Some Eastern Bride to charm the astonished sight
Of her young Bridegroom, unto whom her face
Had ne'er yet been unveiled in virgin grace,
As though with that first look at her bright charms
She hoped to o'erpower him with love's sweet alarms,

To dazzle him with Beauty's magic store,

And rivet him to her for evermore !

A Paradise unto the eye thou art,

Oh ! Earth ! but what, Oh ! what unto the heart ?

Too oft the whitened sepulchre—where lies

For ever lost, all, all that heart could prize ;

The tomb of all its hopes laid darkly low,

Where they may feel not Spring's returning glow,

Earth's Bridegroom comes but they shall greet him not,

For Sorrow there is still some desert spot

Which it or finds, or makes its gloomy lair,

And Spring frowns bleak as barren Winter there !

My own poor heart I dare not ask of thee

If thy fond hopes destroyed and withered be,

I dare not ask of thee, mine own poor heart,

If thou pale Sorrow's slave and victim art,

No—thy dark history I would fain conceal

Even from myself—nor heed thy sad appeal—

Why should I seek the whole extent to know

Perchance of an Eternal—hopeless woe ?

MANUEL TO INEZ.

(FROM AN MS. POEM.)

My least of feeling is a mighty flood
Too strong to be or vanquished or withstood,
My Life is as a leaf upon its course—
And I am still driven on, without resource,
By Passion's lightning-terror-shafts o'ertaken,
By Feeling's Hurricanes of fervour shaken !

My heart in one keen minute feeleth more
Than others in a life-time ere yet bore !
Its faintest pulse more passionately beats
Than those of others in Life's deepest seats—
Its least of feeling is a raging fever,
And what it feels—unchanged it feels for ever !

THE DRAGON FLY.

The Dragon Fly
Shoots spooming by,
No shape is seen
Except between
Those whirlwind-flights
Whose quickness smites
The sense with pain—
It leaves a train
Of pompous hues
That do suffuse
The chrystral air
With kindlings rare!—
And seems to oppress
With bright excess
The sight and brain—
That rich, rich rain

Of coloured splendours
Till surrenders
The aerial thing
Its play of wing,
And settles near
And shines forth clear !
That gorgeous lightening,
Opening, brightening—
Then straight is shown—
With shape its own—
That gem-bright blaze
That mocks the gaze,
That meteor-show
Which dazzleth so,
Which seems to be
A mystery,
A thing unreal—
A guest ideal—
While free and fast
It flashes past !

Then shines displayed,
In truth arrayed,
In shining vest,
Even thus at rest ;
But paled the fire
Of thine attire,
And dimmed the glow
Of thy proud show ;
Beside the bright
Unearthly light
Which mocked the eye
When thou went'st by ;
Thou dazzling thing !
On rapid wing,
With whirlwind haste
In chase—or chased !
Oh ! pale and faint
The hues that paint
That form so fair,
When we compare

These hues with those
Whose startling glows
The sight oppressed,
The sense distressed
With rich delight,
When on its flight
It darted past,
And seemed to cast
A rainbow gleam—
A meteor beam
Beneath, around,
On the air and ground,
There then it seemed
As past it streamed,
A fairy banner
In magic manner
Waved free and far,
With streak and star,
With rainbows laced,
With sun-lights graced,

And still beside
Illumed and dyed
With splendours such
As outstrip much
All things that here
To sight appear—
All things we know
On earth below,
All bright things fair
In sky and air,
All glories born
Of eve or morn,
Of common day
In wonted way,
Ev'n splendours drawn
From some far dawn
Where charmed all
And magical
Are the ardent rays
That meet the gaze;

Aye ! something more
Than e'er before
With strange delight
Transfixed the sight,
Appeared to invest
That fairy guest—
As past it flew
To vex the view
With doubt perplexed—
Amazed and vexed—
Yet gladdened, pleased—
With rapture seized—
Then did it seem
A thing of Dream,
Born of the brain
With mystic train !
Or of the eye,
A phantasy
That darting danced
Where'er *it* glanced !

Where'er it roved
In bright maze moved,—
From the Orb's own light
Of magic might
Brought forth and framed—
(While truth it shamed)
Like spectre things
Which even thus brings
Distemperature
To amaze, to allure—
To shift and shoot
All still and mute
About the path
Of one who hath
Such mystic dower—
Creative Power !
Oh ! vision fair—
Oh ! mystery rare—
Most gorgeous thought
O'erwooed—o'erwrought,

**Unearthly Dream,
Intense, supreme,
Fine Phantasy !—
Brought forth by the eye !
To charm and draw
By certain law—
The sense from whence
It springs intense—
While far and near
It doth career—
Ev'n such it seems—
Ev'n so it beams !—
While swift and strong
It shoots along—
Behold—unrolled
It doth unfold
For evermore
Yet fairer store
Unto the view
Of glories new !—**

But when 'tis won,
To rest upon
Some blossomed spray
Beside the way,
And shines revealed,
How doth it yield
Each magic charm—
Itself disarm,
Itself divest
Ev'n thus at rest,
Of that which most
It had to boast—
Oft its chief source
Of witching force—
Of its best right
To attract the sight—
Variety—
And Mystery !
(For nought like these
Can touch and please !)—

The Dream—the Thought
Is none—is nought—
The charm is crossed,
The vision lost,
The show in sooth
It is a truth !
The phantasy
Reality !
All Nature's own
The mystery's shown,
Sweet Doubt doth die
In Certainty !
The wonderous guest
From regions blest,
From realms afar
Of Sun or Star,
The aëry spright
On wings of light
That Fancy sees
As 'twere a breeze—

With form endowed
And with a shroud
Of splendour clad
To make us glad!—
Or it might be
So fair, so free,
A breathing beam—
Existent gleam—
Embodyed ray
Just snatched from Day!—
That fleeting elf
That seemed itself
In sweet suspense
To doubt from whence
Its being sprang,
And still to hang
'Twixt Earth and Heaven,
As though 'twere driven
To seek its place
In restless chase—

To find its sphere
Both far and near
Becometh straight,
While yet we wait,
With thy charmed eye
Expectancy !

A living thing
That doth but spring
From our own Earth,
From common birth,
No child of light,
No aëry spright—
No imp—no elf—
That seeks itself—
From far realms sent
With fond intent—
To know, to find
Its home assigned—
Its place—its path—
The course it hath

On Earth to run,
Beneath the Sun.
The fare—the fate
Which must await
Its wanderings here—
Its new career !—
Its doom unknown—
Its goal unshown—
Its hidden road—
Its veiled abode—
No mystic thing
With fairy wing—
But something born
Of the Earth we scorn,
When *thus* we brood
In dreaming mood—
Of Fancy's power
In some sweet hour—
When griefs seem gone,
When cares are none—

(When smiling schemes
And sunny dreams
Float through the mind,
That leaves behind
Its fears, its pains,
Its galling chains,
Its many woes
That find repose,
Its thoughts that vex
And but perplex—)
Even something sprung
Earth's bowers among,
From dust and clay
To fleet away,
As soon as aught
Of dream or thought,
As Sylph or Spright
On wings of light—
From regions far
Of Sun or Star—

As Elf or Fay
That may not stay
As all—as aught
By magic brought
From worlds remote,
That viewless float
And run their race
In the Azure space
Unseen—unknown—
Through ages flown
Unknown—unseen—
As they'd ne'er been !—
As all—as aught
By Fancy caught,
To charm awhile—
And gleam and smile
With tender glow
Round us below !—
No thought, no dream,
No visioned beam,

No Phantasy
Can faster fly,
Can sooner stray
Afar—away—
Away—afar
From things that are—
Or swiftlier pass
Like withered grass—
Like dried up dews,
Or faded hues,
Or clouds dispersed,
Or bubbles burst,
Than—that fair Form,
All quick and warm—
That living thing
On active wing,
Sentient of all
That may befall
In its brief life
With pleasures rife—

Impelled along
Thus swift and strong,
(Though small and slight
May seem to sight
That fluttering frame)—
By some glad aim
To it alone
Distinctly known—
Yes ! that ere long
The swift, the strong
Shall fleet away
In quick decay,
Nor more be found
On mortal ground,
Nor more appear
In beauty here—
Just glimpsed and gone
Like lights that shone—
A moment's space,
With meteor-grace ;

Then vanished fast,
And swiftly passed,
Like bloom from fruit,
Like shades that shoot
From clouds which cross
Yon Sun, where toss
The billows proud,
By tempests ploughed,
Like breath-stain slight
From mirror bright,
Like frozen gems
On quivering stems,
When Suns shine warm
And break their charm,
Like aught—like all
That soon must fall,
That soon must fly,
Depart—or die !
And still, alas !
(Since *we* thus pass)

Like evermore
To those whose store
Of treasures dear
Should not be here,
Whose lasting home
Of lengthened doom
May not be placed
'Midst Life's bleak waste.
Ourselves!—that gaze
On Sunlight's blaze,
A little while,
And weep and smile
And toil and rest,
(A Season's guest.)
And doubt and trust,
Then dwell in dust!
And close the eye,
First dream—then die—
First toil and rest,
Then sink oppressed

By slumber deep,
By changeless sleep,
That gives not way
To the opening Day,
Stern sleep, thrice-sealed,
That may not yield
Its place—its turn,
(Strict rest and stern)
To wakeful hours—
And conscious powers—
Aye ! like to us
That vanish thus,
That thus are borne
From light and morn,
That thus are bowed
Beneath Death's cloud—
That thus decay
And fleet away,
And disappear
Like dry leaves sere !

Like scattered foam
From waves that come
In thundering might,
All wild and white,
With rush and roar
To the answering shore—
Like shadows thrown
From faint clouds down !

Oh ! Dragon Fly
That shooteth by
In fiery haste,
As though close chased
By foe—for prey—
Or feere—for play !
That hurrieth past
In flashes fast,
As lightnings do,
When storm-clouds strew
Heaven's darkened face
And burthen space—

Why pause ye near,
Why stay ye here ?
On, on—away—
Make no delay ;
Still seem to be,
Fair thing and free,
A wonder rare,
A child of air,
A mystery strange,
Nor darkly change
To something known,
And all our own !
Pause not—proceed,
And be indeed
A mystic guest
That cannot rest,
A troubled spright—
Whose Life's a flight—
Thus shalt thou seem
Some beauteous dream,

Thus shalt thou be
In journeyings free,
A wond'rous thing
On untired wing !
It shines, it glows,
It scorns repose—
That wond'rous thing
That seems to bring
Some message fair
From upper air—
It floats, it fleets,
Returns, retreats,
Moves here, moves there,
Melts, lost in air.
Then back it comes,
And roves and roams,
Up springs on wings
Of fire, still higher—
Or ends—descends
And bends—and blends

With shades and hues
That soft suffuse
The rainbowed ground
Flower-cinctured round—
Again to rise
With its own dyes,
Or ere we guess
Its sweet recess—
Or ere we spy
Its privacy,
The chosen spot
To which it shot,
Where lost it lay,
Till up away
It darted forth
Again from Earth—
Again appeared
And gladly steered
Its happy course
With strengthened force—

And we remain
Unwearied—fain
To watch its play !
Its mazy way
To follow still
With earnest will—
Where'er it move--
With eyes of love
We follow close
As loath to lose !—
With eyes of love
Around, above,
And earnest will,
We follow still
Its mazy flight—
And reap delight
From watching so
That sparkling show—
Till Lo ! 'tis gone—
And shines the Sun

With feebler ray
Since it lent day
A richer garb,
And seemed to barb
Each glittering beam,
That Lightning-Dream
With coloured flame
That hath no name !
And more than this
We seem to miss,
A spirit Light
All purely bright,
A finer ray
Than springs from day,
When that is gone
Which gleamed and shone
With dazzling strife,
A Light—a Life—
And almost seemed,
While thus it beamed,

As Life and Light
With adverse might
Were struggling there,
As each would bear
The mastery still
With conscious will—
The Light, the Life
At lovely strife,
In beauteous war—
Star battling Star !

Oh ! Dragon Fly !
That shooteth by
In fearless glee,
Unchecked and free,
Would'st thou retain
Thy sway, and reign
O'er Fancy's powers,
Through passing hours,
Away-- away,
Oh ! shun 'display,

Delay not here—
Descend not near—
Disclose not now—
Divulge not thou
Thy form of grace
For us to trace
With piercing eye
Of scrutiny—
With care and art
Even part by part,
Even fleck by fleck,
And speck by speck,
Too soon—too soon
Familiar grown—
We cease to see,
Fair thing, in thee
Such charms supreme
As once did seem
To gird thee around,
And know no bound—

An insect fair
We gaze on there,
A beauteous fly
We there descry,
With colourings bright
Revealed to sight
In radiant store,
And nothing more—
A living thing
With graceful wing,
With fine shape rare,
With splendours fair,
Illumed and dyed—
And nought beside !—
Oh ! Dragon Fly !
Shoot pauseless by,
If thou would'st keep
That influence deep
Which thou hadst gained—
(The while enchain'd

And rapt and pleased,
With wonder seized,
We stood and gazed,
Transfixed, amazed,
At thee—borne past
So far and fast !)
That influence fine
Thou calledst thine,
Which thou'st acquired,
Oh ! much admired !—
That gentle sway
We joyed to obey,
Which thou—unknown
Didst make thine own.

Hope ! thou dost strike
My thought as like
That Dragon Fly
Which darteth by—
Hope—heavenly thing,
While on the wing—

Thou shape of Light—
Most gorgeous Spright!—
Thou imp - thou elf,
That not thyself
May'st know from whence
(In rich suspense—)
Thou first didst spring
Mysterious thing,
Nor yet may'st know,
(Placed here below,
A stranger guest
That seeks its rest)
Where shall be found
On mortal ground
Thy splendid home—
Thy sheltering dome.—
Worlds sparkle o'er thee,
Earth, Heaven before thee
Lie shining, smiling,
And all beguiling—

Light laughs around thee,
No chains have bound thee,
Delight shines bright
O'er thy free flight,
And seems to call
Response from all,
As sweet—to greet
Thy movements fleet !
Oh ! Hope ! no home,
No sheltering dome
Can thine be here
On this mixed sphere !
Oh ! Hope ! no home
Thou need'st—thy doom
Should ever be
Unvaryingly
To forward fly,
And still to try
Bright pathways new,
And wander through

'The boundless air,
And still to share
Each gentle gale
From mount and vale,
Each trembling gleam
From Sky or stream,
Reflecting fair
The glories there
In that sweet Sky
Outspread—on high—
Each note of mirth
That thrills the Earth,
Each smile of cheer
That sparkleth here,
Each dream of bliss
That recked of is !—
Hope—hour by hour,
From flower to flower,
Pursue thy way,
Nor deign to stay,

Alight not near,
Nor thy career
Attempt to check,
Or dread thy wreck !
Hope ! child of Light,
Pursue thy flight !
We deem thee all
That we can call
Divine— supreme—
While thou dost seem
No mortal thing
With Earth-bound wing,
But something lent,
And sweetly sent
From Heavenlier clime—
Serene— sublime—
To bless and cheer
The wanderers here—
While thou dost glance
Scarce glimpsed perchance—

Full swiftly by,
Winged Phantasy,
And seem'st to wear,
Supremely fair,
Celestial dyes
To our charmed eyes—
Celestial stamp!—
A living lamp
To illuminate
Our path of Fate,
To shed around,
E'en without bound,
A dazzling glow
Unmatched below,
A flying Sun
That shall not run
In twelve brief hours,
With measured powers,
Its glorious race—
Then in its place

Leave angry Night
To chill and blight,
To lower around
As chaos frowned,
Ere Light — *thy* Light,
Oh ! Sun !—most bright
Burst forth sublime
O'er Space and Time !
No ! Hope divine !
Still brighter shine
From hour to hour
With mightier power
But thus to do,
Proceed !—pursue
Thy onward way
Both night and day,
Nor e'er descend
And deign to blend
With Earthly things,
For Fancy flings

Round thee a charm
Soft, quick, and warm,
That still seems given
Direct from Heaven—
That wins the Soul—
As thence it stole
At once away,
All faint dismay,
All bitterness,
And fond distress,
All doubt and fear
That haunt us here!—
A charm of strength
To wing at length
The drop accursed
Of sins—the worst—
From out the heart
That knows the smart
Of grief and pain,
And their dark train—

And worse—the throe
Of that wild woe—
Whose direful source
Is harsh remorse,
The black drop foul
That stained the Soul,
That charm had power
In happiest hour,
In brightest day
To wring away.
For Hope ! sweet guest,
Thy sway confessed,
Still bright and high
Doth purify—
Doth animate
And elevate
With joy and love
The Soul above
Its mortal doom
Of dearth and gloom ;

And white, fair thing,
Thou'rt on the wing,
Thy glorious aim
Still seems the same—
Thy goal supreme
Doth ever seem
Heaven—Heaven—to be
Triumphantly.
But, radiant Hope,
When thou dost stoop
Upon thy flight
From thy proud height,
And when thou'rt won
To rest upon
Some Earth-born thing
Where thou dost cling—
As though no more
Urged as before,
To wander free
In strength and glee.

When thou seem'st bound
On mortal ground
To one fixed spot,
Progressing not—
When resting near
Thou dost appear
Disclosed, revealed,
No more concealed
From the earnest gaze,
By the ardent blaze
Of Lightning-Light,
Which thy swift flight
Around thee cast
So free and fast.
Much dost thou lose
Of those rich hues,
So Heavenly fair
Which thou didst wear
In rainbow change
On thy wide range—

Forbear—beware—
If thou dost care
To reign—to enchain
The heart and brain,
Nor droop, sweet Hope,
Nor deign to stoop,
Nor ere descend,
Nor downwards tend,
For thine own sake
Forbear to take
A certain shape,
Away—escape
From the eager eye
That would descry
And pierce thy pall,
Of Mystery all !
Or half thy boast
Of Power is lost,
Thy mightiest arms,
Thy deepest charms

Are gone—undone—
For ever flown !
We dreamt we saw
With raptured awe
A deathless Spright
From Realms of light,
A messenger
To arouse--to stir
The Soul's pure fires
And best desires
To kindle forth
Its noblest worth,
To exalt, to bless
With happiness
Which hath not found
On Earthly ground
A name as yet,
Too seldom met,
Too rarely known
To be our own—

We dreamt of this
In dreams of bliss,
Instead we find
When marked, defined,
Thy form is seen
Distinct, I ween—
(And wholly reft
Of that which left
The excursive thought
All fancy-fraught
To image more
Enchanted store,
Of graces there,
And build up fair
A vision crowned
With pomp profound,)
A child of Earth
Of mortal birth—
A form though fair
And bright and rare,

Yet framed of dust
And ashes—just
As here we see
All things to be—
No more we trace
Celestial grace
Developed there
For naught to impair—
No more we view
For ever new
The light divine
That seemed to shine
Around that form
Fresh, vivid, warm—
Nor more behold
The Etherial mould
We fondly deemed,
While bright it beamed,
That radiant guest
In truth possessed !—

Nor more perceive
The while we weave
A thousand schemes
And varying dreams,
The unearthly blaze
That brought amaze,
Which seemed to dwell,
Unutterable,
Round that rare thing
On fluttering wing,
The spell at last
Is o'er—is past !
We view it nigh
And straight esp'y
Each taint of Earth
Of natural birth,
The stamp it bears,
The shape it shares
Of mortal things,
Nor more it brings

Thoughts bright and high
When gazed on nigh,
The ground-born hue
Starts forth to view—
The ground-spread shade
Is there displayed—
We see thee close
And thou dost lose
Thy power to enchant —
Fair Visitant !
While still we own
Though much be flown
Thou dost possess
Deep loveliness—
And still we trace
Full much of grace
In that fair form,
Though from the worm,
The dust, the clay,
Still, sooth to say,

'Tis darkly sprung
Earth's haunts among,
Yet, yet I say
Away—away—
Forbear, bright Hope !
To droop, to stoop—
Beware—forbear—
Still float in air
With buoyant speed,
Would'st thou indeed
Thy reign maintain,
Our Souls enchain,
Our fancies fire,
Our thoughts inspire,
Our hearts delight,
Our feelings smite !
Far forward shoot,
And tempt pursuit—
Nor let us see
Who worship thee,

How thou'rt allied
Like all beside
With dross and dust,
As still we must
When we behold
Thy form unfold !
Bright Hope ! forbear
To approach too near—
When th' object's gained,
The end attained,
The chase is done,
The proud prize won,
How soon do men
Discover then
Its paltry worth,
Its wretched dearth !—
And sadly find
With altered mind
The thing they deemed
(While rapt they dreamed

Of deep delight
No change could blight)
Of Heavenly birth
Belongs to Earth !—
The thing they thought
Supremely fraught
With charms divine
That no decline
Might ever know--
Nor change of show
Earth's livery wears,
Earth's features bears—
The Child of Change !—
Whose widest range
Is yet confined
(Though like the Wind
It seems to be
Unchecked and free) -
To haunts assigned,
To spots defined,

Which evermore
It hovereth o'er—
It wheels around
Its measured bound,
It soars, it springs
On its fair wings—
As though 'twould rise
To yonder skies—
Yet all the while
'Tis harmless guile,
'Tis doomed to cleave
To Earth, nor leave
Through lengthened hours
Her shadowy bowers,
But this is nought
If to our thought
It seems to be
Divinely free—
Oh ! better far
Like glittering Star

To be thus borne
In aëry scorn
Of the humble ground,
(Though flowery-crowned
And kissed by beams
In sudden gleams,
With glow and smile
It blush the while !)
Even though it be
But partially
In one marked place
And measured space
To heights assigned,
With scope confined,
Than to disclose
In dull repose
Each tinge—each taint,
However faint,
Each stain—each streak
That serves to speak

Its close-drawn ties,
With all that lies
The Sun beneath,
Condemned to death !
Still Hope—then float—
Though not remote—
Yet far enough
For ever off
For us to see
Rich mystery
Around thee thrown
Since when our own—
When once all ours,
With thy fair dowers,
Shown forth—made clear—
Too sure—too near—
We turn away
And sorrowing say
“ My Hope shone far
A Morning Star,

A thing too fair
For mortal air—
But now—but now
I know not how
The enchantment sinks,
The triumph shrinks,
Th' illusion's past—
To Truth at last
I sorrowing wake
And overtake
That shape of light
Whose glorious flight
Appeared to be
So wildly free—
The shape I thought
A vision caught
From worlds above
Of Light and Love—
'Tis bright—'tis fair—
But never there

Again shall eye
Of mine espy
The unearthly grace
It joyed to trace
In thousand ways
In other days,
Where moved in light
That Vision bright—
That Vision's o'er !
. 'Tis now no more
A Dream of Heaven
In pity given,
To teach the mind
To leave behind
Earth's hollow joys—
Poor paltry toys—
Earth's empty scenes
To which oft leans
The heart unwise,
For which it sighs !

With vain desire
And fatal fire—
'Tis born of Earth,
In common birth
With all beside
On Earth desried !
Its elements
While each consents
To pale decay,
Are dust and clay,
Its life a breath,
Its haven—Death !”
'Tis thus we wail
And tell the tale
Of mortal Hope,
When sadly ope
Our altered eyes
With grieved surprise
To Truth at length
In all its strength,

To fragments fall
Our fancies all,
Our mood is marred,
Our joys are jarred,
Our schemes subversed,
Our dreams dispersed,
Our labours lost,
Our counsels crost,
Our triumphs tamed,
Our sapience shamed,
And we are left
Of much bereft—
And change comes o'er
The Heart's wrung core,
We trod on air,
And mocked at care,
Upbuoyed—inspired,
Aroused and fired
By rapturous zeal
'Twas bliss to feel !

We tread on dust
And all mistrust
That Happiness
Which still grows less;
With cares alloyed,
With doubts destroyed,
With shadows stained,
When 'tis attained !
Then Hope away,
We court thy stay,
We wait to catch,
We watch to snatch,
Unchecked—untired
The thing desired—
We onwards press,
We glimpse, we guess,
We shape, we scheme,
We doubt, we dream,
We track, we touch,
With joy we clutch

At length our prize—
While from our eyes
The film doth fall,
Which charmed all—
Made things more bright
To the earnest sight—
Still let us grope
Transcendant Hope—
Bedazzled, blind,
(With willing mind !)
By thy rich light
Too strangely bright,
And onwards press,
And glimpse and guess,
And brave—and blink !—
And snatch—and shrink !—
And forge, and frame,
And doubt, and dream,
And tempt, and try,
And strive, and sigh,

Nor e'er awake,
Nor quite o'ertake
The thing desired,
By which inspired
We forward fly
Unweariedly—
Still onwards press
In zeal's excess,
And still adore
Yet more and more
That Vision fair
Outshining there,
Nor ever find
With saddened mind,
How little worth
On this dark Earth
The things we love
And most approve,
Must seem to be
When we can see

Those things aright
By no false light !
No borrowed dyes
Then charm our eyes,
We view them through
A medium true,
And sad it is
When even our bliss,
Possessed, assured,
And gained, secured,
Can bring a thought
With trouble fraught !

Oh ! Dragon Fly,
That hurrieth by
In glad content
And merriment,
Teach me to be
As glad, as free—
Thy sunshine life
May know not strife !

A little while
In Nature's smile
'Tis thine to bask,
Thy lightsome task
To stray, and play
The hours away,
Then sets thy Sun,
Thy day is done,
Thy fate is fixed,
And thou art mixed
With all things past,
Too bright to last!—
Fair faded flowers
Of broken bowers,
Rich clouds that shone,
Then melted down
To Earth in tears,
In by-gone years
Bright meteors lost—
A moment's boast!—

Sweet leaves decayed
That long since made
The green wood fair,
Free fluttering there,
And myriad things
On chainless wings,
As glad as thou
Art surely now—
Thy little life
With transports rife
Shall soon in peace
Untroubled cease,
And thou shalt be
A Phantasy—
Aye ! thou shalt seem
Ev'n so a dream
Of memory
Fair thing to me—
If ever thought
Of thee be brought

Unto my brain
Indeed again,
And sure it shall !—
I must recall
This lovely hour
Of peaceful power,
Aye ! thoughts shall come,
Not thoughts of gloom,
But such as soothe
With quiet truth
The mind's unrest
And trouble, best !
Thoughts deep and dear
Of all that here
Proclaim aloud
To this World's crowd
Of Beings born—
Oh ! *not* to mourn !—
This truth supreme
(Which Nature's scheme

For ever shows,
And proves to those
Who still are bent
With Soul intent
To learn her lore,
And deep to store
Her counsels pure,
And precepts sure,
Within the mind
With faith entwined)
That Truth august
Which claims our trust,
That Heaven above
Doth watch in Love
O'er all things here—
Profoundly dear
To him who made
And who displayed
His glorious might
And Power aright,

Beyond all thought
In making, fraught
With excellence,
Which proves from whence
They take their rise
To searching eyes !—
Oh ! if a fly,
But born to die,
When some few days
Of Summer-blaze
Have gaily shone
Its path upon—
Can the object prove
Of Heavenly Love,
As none can doubt
Whose thoughts about
Such themes I ween
'Midst this mixed scene
Have been (if still
From jaundiced will

Serenely free
They brightly be)
Ere yet employed
Thus unalloyed
By errors vile
That soon beguile—
(And dreams impure
That may allure
The worldly mind
And strike it blind)
For those who seek
With ardour meek,
And tempered fire,
And schooled desire,
Through Nature's book
With care to look
Must feel and know
That it is so—
Can, can it be
Indeed that we

That love shall miss
And lose that bliss—
Profusely round
Without a bound
Spread, scattered wide
On every side ?
No ! the insect may
In joyaunce play
In the orient beam,
And haply seem
More blest, more free
Awhile than we,
But this proud Globe
With royal robe
Of sunshine drest,
And sumptuous vest
Of beauteous dye,
With canopy
Of boundless state,
Whose dazzling freight

Of Jewels clear,
Is sphere on sphere
With yon bright Sun,
Its loveliest one !

With countless things
Fair Beauty's springs !—
And ornament
Magnificent
Of vernal pride
With emerald dyed,
While fruit and flower
And foliage shower
Their treasures bright
Upon the sight—
This was not made
(Though thus arrayed
With pompous show
And dazzling glow,
With bloom and light
To charm our sight)—

To be our home.
No ! light and bloom
And radiant glow
And glorious show
May chance beguile
One little while
Man's careful eye
Delightfully—
And gently cheer
His sojourn here,
But not below
We deeply know
On mortal ground
Can e'er be found
Our place of rest !—
A passing guest
Man is beneath
With fleeting breath.
This grand Creation
No habitation

Of lengthened date
For his proud state
May prove to be
Though fair to see—
A fairer far
Where all things are
Pure, deathless, bright,
And crowned with light
That never waneth,
But still retaineth
Its boundless blaze
Of cloudless rays!—
Awaiteth him—
While dull and dim
With that compared
Heaven hath declared
Through lips, inspired
(Howe'er admired
Its glories be—
Still bright to see)

This Earth below
Of brilliant show
Is still, despite
That bloom, that light,
Which makes it seem
One dazzling dream—
Sufficeth not
This radiant spot,
This splendid scene
For him I ween !
His great career
May end not here—
A pilgrim he
On Earth must be,
His goal not won
He journeyeth on—
Nor long he stays,
Nor here delays—
His time is short,
The grave's his port.

And yet not so,
Ah ! surely no !—
The grave's the gate
To which his fate
Conducteth him,
It frowneth dim,
But it shall lead
To light indeed !
Then let not fear
Disturb him here,
Nor doubt distress,
Nor pain possess—
Beyond the tombs
The triumph comes,
The truth shall shine,
The truth divine !
The glory burst
Upon him first !
When he awakes
(And gladly breaks

His mortal chain)
To Life again,
Not such a Life
Disturbed with strife,
As still in woe
He lives below—
But Life without
A grief, a doubt !
The dark grave shut
On him is but
The gate that opes
To all his Hopes,
Then, then he springs
On angel wings
To boundless heights,
To crowned Delights,
To worlds of bliss
Unknown in this—
Immortal man
Thy Life's a span,

A point in space
Thy measured race
On mortal ground—
No check, no bound
Shalt thou find *there*
Where doth prepare
High Heaven thy seat,
Just—fair and meet
For deathless Powers.
'Mid fadeless bowers
A radiant clime
Serene—sublime
Await thee there ;
Celestial air
Shall fan thy brow
So darkened now,
Immortal hues
Shall soft suffuse
The scene around
With glory crowned,

No change shall come,
No cloud of doom,
To spoil or blight
Those worlds of Light ;
Thou'rt on thy way
Still day by day
To these far seats,
The august retreats
Of Spirits blessed,
In golden rest—
Not here's thy part,
Below thou art
A stranger still
Through grief, through ill,
That struggleth on
Till rest is won—
Till strife is stilled
And fate fulfilled !
Thou art below
We own, we know,

A Wanderer—

A Prisoner !

For thralled thou art,
With yearning heart
That fain—in vain—
Would break the chain,
Thou 'rt still detained
And all constrained
One path to tread,
Still sped, and led
With yielding feet
Where thou shalt meet
With divers fates,
Try various states—
But still enthralled
And barred and walled,
Shalt thou remain
With yoke and chain !

This world so bright
O'erflowed with Light,

This Regal World
Emblazed, empearled
With gems resplendent
And pomps transcendant
Adorned and crowned
Above, around
With treasures fair
And beauties rare—
Incessant change
Sublime and strange
Of glorious show,
Whose living glow
May well enchain
Both sense and brain !
Say, shall it be,
Oh ! Man, for thee,
Thou Lord of Time !
The native clime ?—
Heaven teacheth us
It is not thus !

This mighty Earth
With wealth and worth
Of sumless stores—
Whose Seas and Shores
Are thronged and teeming
Beyond our dreaming
With precious things,
Whose affluence brings
To man delight,
And glads his sight !
Whose mount and plain
With gold and grain
Are charged and crowded,
While shrined and shrouded
They're hidden there,
Those stores so fair,
Those gifts of good
For him endued
With excellence
That doth dispense

Bright gladness round —
Still perfect found,
(Withheld awhile
To tempt his toil,
To task, to try
His energy !
To teach, to test
His tutored breast—
And call forth all
His powers that fall
And sink away
In dull decay,
And by disuse
Their vigour lose—
If unemployed
Made vain and void
By sluggish rest
In his sealed breast—
But strengthened, armed,
And waked, and warmed,

When well applied,
And tasked, and tried,
And roused, and reared,
Called forth, and cheered)

This Earth whose field
Immense doth yield,
All bounteous boons
Which fervid noons
And dewy primes
In divers climes
With rich increase
That may not cease,
Conspire to grant
To meet each want,
Production fast,
Profusion vast—

This Earth—that wears
Through circling years
From side to side
Fair flowing wide

Fertility—

A garment free,
That wrapped around
Her form is found
For evermore
From shore to shore!—
The while doth smile
O'er coast and isle
And continent
Of broad extent,
Rich Plenty's face
Of roseate grace—
This wond'rous Earth
With wealth and worth
Unknown, untried,
Of stores supplied—
Whate'er may be
Its majesty!—
Its proud excess
Of loveliness,

Its rare array
And bright display,
Its boast, its pride,
All flushed and dyed
With golden bloom,
Which doth assume
A hue celestial
Though but terrestrial !—
While in the Sky
Gleams Day's broad eye,
All girt and graced
And brightly laced
With splendours sheen—
A beauteous scene !—
This Earth so fair
Did Heaven prepare
Indeed to be
Man's sanctuary ?—
His lasting home
(With Star-gemmed dome—

With flower-paved floor
Thick covered o'er
With fulgence bright—
Reflected Light !)—
No—no—vain thought !
Howe'er 'tis fraught
With Beauty's best,
Howe'er possessed,
Of charms untold
That still unfold
This Palace Pile,
Whose matchless style
Proclaims aloud
By whom endowed
With strength and grace—
Harmonious trace—
Proportions fair,
Perfections rare,
And rich device—
This Edifice

So proud, so vast,
So framed to last,
This Palace Pile
That doth the while
Sublime reflect
Of the Architect
The gracious Will,
The unbounded skill,
The Eternal might,
Yet not aright !—
Oh ! faintly forth
The unuttered worth,
The power divine
Reflected shine
When imaged here
On this far sphere,
Though this be made
Complete—yet weighed
With Him who wrought
It seems as nought—

Aye ! then it sinks
And pales and shrinks—
This Temple bright
Where rosy light
For ever plays
With sacred rays,
Fresh from that fount
Of Light, where mount
Our thoughts when *they*
In silence pray,
That fount of flame
Still shown the same,
Whose brightness tells
Of Him who dwells
In brightness veiled,
In heights unscaled !—
This proud abode
On Man bestowed,
Of pomp untold,
Behold—behold,

'Tis worthy deemed,
And fit esteemed,
We wondering see
Alone to be
His dwelling Place
For briefest space—
Nay—sooth to say,
Which marvell may
Yet more arouse
His Prison-house !—
His vasty cell
Wherein to dwell
Constrained—confined,
(With chains to bind,
Checked, chained—constrained—
Deterred—detained)—
He seemeth doomed,
As though entombed !—
For dungeoned here
It must appear

He still remains—
In fleshly chains !
Yet lodged the while
In noblest Pile,
In proudest Dome
That might become
For ampler date
A monarch's state—
This captive seems
While round him beams
This world—(arrayed
In glory—made—
With skill supreme)
Which aye doth teem
With precious things,
And golden springs
Of Beauty pure
That still endure,
This sumptuous seat
That might seem meet

For Angel-Powers
With starry dowers
Of Spirit-Light—
Creative Might—
Is 't but indeed
Designed to lead
To Worlds *above*
All Light—all Love—
That deeply are
More glorious far—
Is this fair sphere
Which doth appear
To watchful eye
Of scrutiny
Impartial—just)—
An Ark august—
A mansion proud
That might enshroud
High Beings dread,
Who widely spread

Imperial Rule—
The vestibule
Of prouder Domes,
And loftier homes,
And nought beside
With all its pride ?
And but the place
For our fallen race—
Wherein to toil
And wash the soil
With Sorrow's tears
Through rolling years—
Condemned they are
And banished far
From those bright seats,
'Those fair retreats,
Those radiant climes
A thousand times
More fair, more bright,
More full of light,

More full of bliss
And bloom than this—
That brightly wait
Beyond the gate
Of yon dark grave
Which yawns to save !
Then, Oh ! how fair !—
Can Fancy dare
In glimpsons faint
Those scenes to paint—
Can Hope ev'n raise
To that dread blaze
Her Eagle eyes
That court the Skies ?—
Since those surpass
These scenes that glass
To pious view
Sublimely too
Of him who made
The Shadow's Shade !

And *that* alone
Would cast a zone
Resplendent round
This Earthly bound,
And round it thrown
Would light and crown
With awful grace
Its place, in Space !
Heaven !—Heaven !—how fair
Beyond compare
Must *thy* worlds be
Oe'rpoweringly !
How glorious all
With dazzling wall
Of Glory-Light
Which Spirit-Sight
Scarce well can bear,
Heaven !—Heaven !—how fair !
And can it be
In truth that we

Are th' heirs for whom
Beyond the tomb
Those worlds shine forth—
We—Sons of Earth ?
Can—can it be
Indeed that we
Are th' heirs for whom
In boundless bloom
That scene expands—
Those Promised Lands
Illustrious shine
With pomp divine—
What deep excess
Of thankfulness
Should fill the Soul,
That such a goal
Is thus designed
For humankind !
What earnestness
Of zeal should press

Unpausing on
Till nobly won,
Those Worlds of Love
May brightly prove
Those heights may be
Eternally !

Oh ! Dragon Fly !
That family
Of which thou 'rt one,
Born of the Sun,
May never spring
On strengthened wing,
With lengthened flight
To worlds more bright
Than this beneath,
Whose bloom and breath
Sufficeth ye,
Sweet family !
Then this below
Ye may not know

A lovelier clime,
Supreme—sublime !
No fairer place
Awaits your race,
Oh ! Dragon Fly
That hurrieth by !
Then speed in power
From flower to flower,
Till light is gone
Fly cheerly on !
Still stray, and play
The day away !
Forget—forget
That Sun must set
Which lights thee now,
For surely thou
Hast nought to fear
Though night frown drear,
Thine aim and bent
Are innocent—

And fraught with nought
Of thought o'erwrought
May be thy breast,
Light fairy-guest !
Nor Hope nor fear
Possess thee here !
Enjoyment's truth
Is thine in sooth—
Unclouded peace
In glad increase
Still dwells with thee
Bright wanderer free !
Nor on—nor back
On thy glad track
Look'st thou the while
In sunshine's smile—
The Present is
Thy time of bliss,
To thee alone
The Present's shown,

Past—Future hour
May have no power
On thee—brave thing,
On daring wing !
Earth smiles around thee,
The Sun hath crowned thee
With hues that strike
As jewel-like !
All Nature still
Round thee doth thrill
With cloudless joy
Without alloy,
She overflows
Like summer's rose
With beauty deep,
Which seems to steep
The Earth, the Air
With sweetness rare !
She glowing yields
From groves and fields,

Vales, streams, and founts,
Rocks, heaths, and mounts,
Sweet sights, sweet sounds
To fresh birth bounds
For evermore
With richer store
Of charms complete
Thy path to greet,
Thou happy thing
Whose life is spring !
Then fly afar
With nought to mar
On this green Earth
Thy buoyant mirth,
Thy landmarks meet
Are flowerets sweet—
These tempt, these light
Thy joyous flight
Which ev'n to watch
Must be to catch

Some kindlings dear
Of blameless cheer.
Thy path still lies
Beneath the Skies,
Where'er most things
Whose beauty brings
Unfeigned delight,
Invite the sight—
Where'er down pours
Her brilliant stores,
That wide expand—
Warms Summer's hand
Most bounteously,
To dye the Sky
And Earth and Air
With one most fair
Transcendant blush
Of roseate flush—
From zone to zone
Heart-struck and lone

Man may, perchance,
Urged on, advance
In hopes to gain
From heavy pain
A respite dear—
Still chastened here—
Or chance to escape
From fearful shape
Of scorn or shame
May be his aim,
How oft in vain
O'er main—o'er plain—
O'er mount—o'er marsh—
That Presence harsh
Pursues him still—
The dreaded Ill !
Whate'er he sees
Doth fail to please—
Vain—vain—while all
Doth still recall

That grief of mind
Which thus behind,
Fond Wretch ! he strives
To leave—and drives
His bark along,
Though gales blow strong—
And goads his steed
To fiercer speed
To leave behind
His Heart and Mind !
Himself—his Soul !—
And bid Seas roll
And Mountains rise
While forth he flies—
Misjudging Elf !
Betwixt himself
And that dread Power
Which ne'er its hour
Defers or yields !—
Which sternly yields

Its sceptre wand
Of harsh command
With mastery dire
(Till both expire)—
Against I wist
The antagonist
Who dares to seek
Revenge to wreak
On That the while—
Or would beguile
Of its dark strength
And might at length—
That influence dread
Which grows instead
More stern, more strong
By conflict long,
And combat keen,
Than it had been !
That Power thrice armed
With Life deep-charmed—

Which bends to none—
But clings to one—
Which yields to nought
The Power of Thought !
King of All Kings—
It strongly brings
A glory bright
With perfect light
To adorn their crown,
Or strikes it down
To dust and ashes
With Lightning flashes—
Though only they
That fatal ray
Perceive and feel,
Which score of steel
Or flaw of flame
Makes weak and tame
And harmless quite,
Beside its blight

That seems to fall
Unearthly all !
The Conqueror's Lord !
Whose sceptre sword
Is like the brand
The Archangel's hand
Tremendous grasped
(When vainly gasped—
The Doomed who saw
With shrinking awe
And stunned amaze
In the olden days !)
Of withering fire
That weapon dire
Seems formed and framed,
Unturned—untamed—
If blood-stained Might
Hath mocked at Right !
When scarlet crimes
Appal the times

It searcheth sore
The Heart's quick core—
And through and through
Still smites anew—
The Sinner's scourge
That still doth urge
The wretch to fly
From every eye—
That goads him sore
For evermore—
The mourner's bane,
Still doubling pain
Increasing still—
The gloomy ill.
Oh ! Power of thought,
'Tis thou hast taught
The high to stoop—
The strong to droop—
The fierce to sink—
The brave to shrink !—

But then beside
Extendest wide
Thy empire free—
Triumphantly
To crown—to bless
With Happiness—
Where Virtue lives
And gently gives
Her holy aid
To hearts afraid,
Then, then thou 'rt bright
With Heavenly Light—
Full oft, though care
Still frowneth there !
The Poor man's wealth,
The sufferer's health,
The exile's bland
Bright native land,
The prisoner's fair
Fresh free-born air,

The lone one's friend—
Thought ! Thought ! no end,
No narrow bound
Can there be found
To thy bright Power
And Heaven-given dower
When Virtue's smile
Shines down the while
Serene on thee
Victoriously.—
But yet, but yet
Earth's fond regret
Will oft dispute
With struggle mute
Thy milder reign—
Again to pain
Will darkly turn
And teach to burn
Thy tenderer vein
Of soothing strain—

In error fond
I looked beyond
The sober truth,
And dreamt in sooth
A false fair dream
Like meteor's beam,
When late I spoke
Of Sorrow's yoke
By thee made light,
Her darkness bright—
Ah ! 'tis not so !
The o'erwhelming woe
Though chased—displaced,
Awhile effaced—
Recoils upon
The wearied one
Long tried—long troubled,
With strength redoubled—
The moment's gleam
Makes murkier seem

The after gloom
Of clouded doom—
And though thy form
Be of the storm,
The rainbow bright
Displayed to sight,
Fair Virtue ! still
The grief—the ill
Will have and hold
Its full share told,
Its own dark part
O' the human heart
I' the human hours
Which bend to Powers
Of Woe and Pain,
And own their reign—
The exile dreams
Of mounts and streams
Long severed far,—
Beneath a star

Of gentle ray,
Whose silvery play
Familiar shone
His gaze upon—
He sudden starts,
His Heart of Hearts
Is pierced and wrung,
He feels among
Cold strangers still
The trembling thrill
Of joy is past,
It could not last—
The captive ponders.
In thought he wanders
Unchecked—unchained,
No more restrained,
O'er green, glad fields
Whose verdure yields
A deep delight
More full of might

Than e'er before
His bosom's core
Awakening knew—
Warmed through and through—
With feelings sweet
That mingling meet
Profoundly there
And banish care—
His own chains clank !—
He shrinks, as shrank
His heart, while first
Those chains accursed
Were round him thrown,
The Vision's flown !—
And when it fades,
Alas ! the shades
Of Prison gloom
At once assume
A depth more drear
To chill with fear—

More dark, more dread
Those shades are spread
Around the eyes
That saw arise
A minute past
Fair landscapes, fast—
And skies all smiling
Blue, bright, beguiling—
And quivering gleams
From well-known streams,
And emerald bowers,
And rainbowed flowers !—
The lone one turns
With heart that yearns
To other years,
And soft appears
By musing brought
Before his thought
Full many a form
Bright, glowing, warm—

To light, to bless
His loneliness !—
But something breaks
The charm—then aches
With heavier sense
Of sick suspense
His lonely heart,
Condemned to part
With that sweet dream
Which Heaven did seem !
Uncertain all
If to his call
Shall evermore
E'en as before
Such imagery
Enchanted be
Allowed to appear
To charm and cheer
His solitude,
His loveless mood !

Thus Thought – crowned Thought !
On Earth thou 'rt fraught
With more of pain
To breast and brain
Than aught beside—
While Love and Pride,
While Grief and Shame
Our mortal frame
Distracting wring
And scourge and sting !
And none may shun
Thy sway—not one !
In vain men speed
O'er mount and mead
O'er marsh and main
In vain—in vain,
To 'scape from thee
It may not be,
The Power of Pain
Doth still remain,

The sense of Shame
Still stings the same,
Crime's consciousness
Doth still oppress
With crushing force
Of black remorse
The offender's Soul,
Though oceans roll
Between him wide,
And *that* spot dyed
With memories dark
With fatal mark
Of stern deeds done
Erewhile thereon.

Oh ! Dragon Fly !
That hurrieth by,
Thou speedest not
From spot to spot
To escape the woe,
To avoid the blow,

To shun the grief,
To seek relief,
Thou fearest no ill,
Thou dost but still
Bright pleasures new
In joy pursue !
Pleased all the while !—
For sunlight's smile
Sufficient is
To o'erflow with bliss
That little breast
So lightly blest !
We speed in chase
From place to place,
Full fondly bent
With keen intent
To find at last
Delight—surpassed,
Approached, by nought
E'er glimpsed in thought,

But all the while
That *we* beguile
With hope so fair
(A dream of air
Quick Hope and bright
With fairy might)
Our hearts we know,
Oh ! iron *Woe* !
Of *thee* indeed
(Too seldom freed)
The truth unkind !—
Aye ! Soul and Mind
Still feel and know
The dull, the slow
Reality
Of thee—of thee !

Yet, Dragon Fly,
That hurriest by,
I envy not
Thy cloudless lot.—

'Mid grief and gloom
And pain and doom,
And strife and doubt
Must I work out
That future fate
Which doth await
My Soul when borne
On wings of Morn—
Beyond the tomb,
And Death and Doom !
But, glorious thought !—
With transport fraught—
If not to stray
From one right way,
From one straight path
That fair end hath,
May now be mine,
Through Aid Divine
What boundless good
Not understood,

Not dreamt of here,
Too deep, too dear—
Shall I then share
In raptures there
Where bright increase
Doth never cease
Of joy and gladness
Unmixed by sadness !
What triumphs true
Shall proudly too
Repay me there
For toil and care—
Then Love that learnt
While here it burnt,
Oh ! still the same,
A *Heavenly* flame
'Mid smothering clouds
And dulling shrouds,
And airs unblest
In wild unrest,

Its own sweet strength
Shall learn at length
That it was born
For Light and morn,
For bliss, for good,
There it shall brood
(The Eternal Dove,
Divinest Love!—)
For evermore
Enraptured o'er
Itself serene
In that blest scene!
No longer grieved,
Betrayed, deceived,
And darkly crossed,
And fiercely tossed
O'er wild waste waves,
Where ceaseless raves
The hoarse harsh blast,
And lowers o'er cast

The frowning Sky
Unpityingly,
No longer torn
By hate or scorn,
And made to endure
Ills, nought can cure ;
Aggrieved, abused,
Wrung, wounded, bruised,
The martyr still
Whom fiendish skill
Exhausted seemed,
(For so had deemed
Soft Pity viewing
That fierce undoing)
In torturing on
Till Life was done
In torturing ever
With foul endeavour !
On this dark Earth
Whose barren dearth

Uncheering frowned

His steps around.

Oh ! Love, no more

Tried, sharp, and sore,

Shalt thou then be,

But fair and free

Shalt thou elate

Then bless thy fate,

Exult, rejoice,

With full-crowned choice,

And ever rest

Of joy possessed

In golden peace

That will not cease !

Oh ! Dragon Fly !

Speed swiftly by,

I envy not

Thy merry lot !

No ! pass along

In freedom strong,

And fleetly run
While shines the Sun
Thy little race!—
Thou'lt leave no trace
Behind, glad thing,
When once thy wing
Droops low and weak,
And nought shall speak
Of thee, when thou
Across the bough
No more may cast
Thy shadows fast,
Nor brighten day
As with a ray
Of magic power
Through many an hour—
But this is nought
To thee—no thought
Hath ever leapt,
No dream hath swept

Through thy calm breast
Of perfect rest !—
Thou canst not care
Bright Sunshine's heir
For aught that may
On future day
Perchance take place,
But runn'st thy race
Of cloudless cheer.
Without a fear—
In joy—without
A passing doubt !—
Nor bliss can cloy,
From joy to joy
Thou hurriest on
Till all is done !
Then not a trace
On Nature's face
Shall tell of thee
That eye can see !

Then nought remains
Like Summer's rains
In flowret's cup
Full soon dried up
By sunny ray—
All's passed away !
But thou'l know not
That thou'rt forgot.
No ! thou indeed
Wilt never heed
That none regret
Thy glad Star's set,
Thou, thou canst ne'er
Be made aware
Of thy changed fate—
And fallen state !
Yet, Dragon Fly,
I heave no sigh
While watching thee
Thus light and free,

I envy not
Thy careless lot—
Before mine eyes
Proud Destinies
Unfold, unroll,
And tempt my Soul !
Far, far away
From this dim day
That shines o'er Earth
Shall that take birth ?
And *that* perchance
In dazzling trance
Shall too forget
How rose and set
The Suns of Skies
Whose loveliest dyes
Of orient rose
Or blue repose,
Or evening's gold
Were dim and cold,

Besides the Light
That then in sight
Shall streaming shine
All, all divine !

That— that perchance
In flashing trance
Shall dream, nor know
What may below
Then come to pass—
While like a glass
It mirrors deep
The pomps that sweep
Before its ken
Serenely then,
This World the while
So base and vile
Effaced and razed
From thoughts emblazed
With truths and things
Whose *shadow* flings

O'er *Earth below*
A glorious glow !
Aye ! that may thus
Victorious
O'er all it bore
In days of yore,
Nor know nor heed
Nor dream indeed
What happens here
On this far sphere—
For it Earth's sway
Hath passed away,
Hath fleeted by
As utterly
Ere it can gain
Its high domain
As, Dragon Fly,
When thou dost die
Depart from thee
All things that be—

Thy portion while
In Sunlight's smile
Thou revell'st here
Without a fear.

Oh ! Dragon Fly !
Swift hurrying by,
I envy not
Thy careless lot—
I heave no sigh
When thou speed'st by
On restless wing !
Fair happy thing !

S T A N Z A S.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

To thee I give my Soul—my very Soul
Crown my Devotion's hope with *one* sweet thought,
One thought of thine shall still seem worth the whole
Of my deep dreamy Being—passion-fraught !

One thought of thine shall still appear to me
More precious than my Soul's existence all,
Is it in vain that I but live to be
The willing slave of such a Passion's thrall ?

It cannot be—ne'er—ne'er hath fallen to waste
So deep a love and so devoted yet,
Howe'er it be on this vile Earth misplaced,
By selfish passions and dark wrongs beset.

It must pursue its path, proclaim its power,
Its Fortunes finish, and fulfil its Fate,
It must, it will have its victorious hour,
Though dark its Destiny, and brief its date.

It must, it will its living might exert,
And win some answer to its ardent prayer,
It must—it will—its influence deep assert
Nor melt, a moment's meteor, lost in air !

If it may nought atchieve besides, at least
It may to thee thy fatal power reveal,
And if for me no sigh may heave thy breast,
For others thou mayst still be taught to feel !

It may unfold to thee what Love can be,
How beautiful, how mighty, and how true—
Make thee in love with Love, though not with me,
And tempt thy heart the Heav'n-born guest to woo !

It may disclose to thee, Oh ! loveliest one,
 How others' happiness of heart and mind
 May hang thy will, thy thoughtless will upon,
 And teach thee to be merciful and kind !

Then shall it not be wasted all in sooth,
 But *I*—alas ! Beloved One ! look on me—
 Must the poor heart that glows with this deep truth,
 Be wasted—crushed with loneliest misery ?

ON A FÊTE HELD IN THE OPEN AIR.

'Tis a Paradise of Labyrinths this where all enchantments
 blend,
 And to the very Soul deep, deep their rich prevailment send !
 Oh ! Flowers ! bright Poetry of Earth ! ye are the treasures
 here,
 And the fairest, sweetest, loveliest,—the most exquisite and
 dear !

'Tis one Paradise of Labyrinths, this the eye perplexed may
stray

From path to path—where fancy's self must fondly lose her
way,

But every path is fair and bright, then heed not which you
take,

But wander lightly, freely on for careless wandering's sake.

Oh ! 'tis Pleasure is the Sovran here, and Pleasure let us
serve,

Nor from *her* shining path marked out with stars and roses
swerve !

Light are her gentle hests in sooth—soft is her silken yoke,
Her honeyed counsels sweet and mild, who e'er such bright
bonds broke?—

Oh ! enough of cark, enough of care, enough of pain and
gloom

Attend us on our journey through this pathway to the tomb,
Let us step aside, one little while to hear the glad birds sing,
To snatch Spring-flowers, Spring-gleams, Spring-sweets,
while yet it may be Spring !

Oh ! Zephyrs, Sunshine, Roses, here, weave chains of deep
delight,

And we surrender up our Souls to Joy's victorious might,
And graceful works of taste and skill are brightly grouped
around,

And in Nature's magic circle and Art's charmed zone we're
bound !

Hail to the festal hour !—'tis well to rest from care and care,
And bask in Sunshine's smile awhile, and breathe the free
fresh air—

Hail to the festal hour !—'tis well from time to time to turn
From graver thoughts, and deeper things, and scenes more
dark and stern.

Oh ! there's wisdom sure in smiling !—how beautiful is Joy
When in a cup of purity 'tis stained with no alloy,
When innocence, young innocence combines with lightsome
mirth

Can aught of fairer, lovelier be upon the face of Earth ?

Oh ! Beautiful is young Delight, and gladness ev'n sublime,
 When we think how we disport ourselves on the precipice
 of time,

For we hang on the sustaining hand and cast away our care,
 And we smile upon a smiling world, and we feel Heaven's
 eye is there.

Oh ! Beautiful are Festivals—for this fair reason still,
 When we think how man is compassed round with danger
 and with ill ;

It is a noble sight to see his cloudless brow and clear,
 While armed with blameless confidence he banishes dull
 fear.

Oh ! Beautiful are Festivals ! 'Tis well to set apart
 Some hours to soften and to soothe the harassed human
 heart,
 So that vanity and luxury still forbear to taint the mirth ;
 Oh ! Beautiful are Festivals on this overshadowed earth.

The workday cares and toils do sheathe the heart with
hardened crust

Of selfishness and cautiousness—those hours lave off the
dust;

'Tis as a breath of Eden's bliss, and freshness and repose,
When the sun laughs light on festal hours, and the scenes
of turmoil close.

Most needful 'tis from time to time to glad the Soul and cheer,
Relaxing from the watch, the march, the attentive mood
austere;

Our Earth herself the example gives—with fruits she
mingles flowers,

And the fairest yield no increase oft—*she* holds her festal
hours !

Oh ! Beautiful are Festivals ! but loveliest those I call,
Which are not held beneath the dome—within the crowded
hall—

Assemble in the garden still, the shaded grove, the field—
 Oh ! Beautiful are Festivals when in Nature's Temple held.

'Tis well to build up for ourselves, despite of Fear and Fate,
 A light and fleeting happiness that suits our fleeting state,
 Tho' no memory may survive of this, still, still the Soul may be
 The better for its dream-like bliss, and calm enjoyment free.

For real and certain Happiness—too seldom may it prove
 Our portion here, while yet 'mid cares and trials we must
 move,

And when 'tis ours, alas !—how oft the Parent 'tis of ill,
 Melting the Soul with tenderness that should be strengthened
 still !

No ! the joy that o'er its surface gleams like sunlight o'er the
 Sea,

Haply more fitted to our fate and to our frame may be,
 It lasts not !—but doth Happiness last longer ? No ! in sooth,
 Pleasure's fond fiction may survive Felicity's tried truth.

How Beautiful are Festivals—they win us to forget
With a divine forgetfulness, Time's wrongs and our regret,
They bid us to remember too—with sweet and strong
controul,

How capable of Happiness is the ever living Soul.

Oh ! Beautiful are Festivals, we dream we're blest and free,
And still we are, while thus we can believe ourselves to be,
Perchance our happiest hours are those wherein content we
are,

With something like thy shadow—Oh ! bright Happiness—
Life's Star.

LINES

(FROM INEZ, AN MS. POEM.)

YES !—yes !—I laughed and scoffed, and many a jest
Seemed to spring lightly from a careless breast,
Great Heaven ! could'st thou have guessed, or dreamed, or
known

How utterly that heart was all thine own,
Which prompted—no ! not prompted—but endured
The burst of mirth it from its depths abjured ;
Could'st thou have guessed or dreamed how while I smiled,
My Soul one surge of madding passion boiled,
Thou would'st have pitied her thou could'st upbraid,
Because to thee it seemed she mocking played,
And laughed and trifled in capricious mood !—
Our human heart is little understood
Even by each other—and from thence doth spring
Unnumbered woes, unuttered suffering !

But it is well—I would not have thee know
The depth or of my feeling or my woe,
I would not have thee read my secret soul,
Still let the folding clouds about it roll ;
The love too richly precious to be known
Even by its object, must be all mine own.
Fold after fold is wrapped that idol round,
The adored, the shrined, the throned, the enwreathed and
crowned,
Within the deepest chambers of my heart
Doth it remain—ungazed on, and apart !
The priceless treasure of my solitude—
The charm of my most self-concentered mood,
The crown of mine existence—and the cure
Of every ill that I on earth endure,
Excepting those that from itself do spring,
And something heavenly stamps that suffering ;
I bear its bane, and bless it while I bear—
And call it a most choice and costly care !
I should be fearful of my very joy
Were it not mixed with measure of alloy ;

An anxious thing on Earth 'tis to possess
An all supreme and single happiness—
By doubts uncurbed, unclouded, and uncrossed,
What if that treasure of our trust be lost?
What if the Soul which doth that transport own
Be from the heights of such a Heaven dashed down?
But Storm and Star commingle and consent
In my Love's wild and wond'rous Firmament—
'Tis not so full of Light that I need fear
The hour of change and waning *must* be near!
Mine own and dear One—thou could'st see me smile
And deem my heart was free and light the while—
Deem that the laugh, the taunt, the gibe bespoke
A bosom spared the burthen and the yoke—
It was not so—it is not so!—believe
With boundless passion doth that bosom heave!
Oh! oftentimes do they most deeply feel
Who least display—who ever least reveal—
The mask of careless laughter oft is made
The screen of feelings, that if once betrayed,

But it is well—I would not have thee know
The depth or of my feeling or my woe,
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Oh ! oftentimes do they most deeply feel
Who least display—who ever least reveal—
The mask of careless laughter oft is made
The screen of feelings, that if once betrayed,

THE CROWDED HALL.

I HASTEN to the crowded Hall on Pleasure's festive night,
Dark is the shadowy World within—let the World without
be bright—

Yes ! I will join the glittering crowd—mix in the smiling
train—

A truce to memory and to fear—to passion and its pain !

Their proud joy now shall be *my* joy and I will feel with them,
They who come shining, smiling forth with the garland and
the gem,

I too will snatch the flower from Spring in its first blush of
birth,

And I will ask its jewels too of this our gloomy Earth.

And I will echo back the laugh—reflect the sunny smile,
And dream that I am glad and free and careless too the while,

I will with watchful zeal thus play *my* part too with the rest,
Shall the heartless and the false, ere read deep Truth's and
Feeling's breast?

I stand now 'mongst the crushing crowd together and apart,
I listen to the clamouring crowd, and answer mine own
heart,

And have I gained mine end in sooth, and gained my
darling aim—

Nor have I lost, nor wholly won—another and the same!

On the bounding waves of Pleasure borne that pale Star
still I mark,

Without which all for me is drear, and clouded o'er and dark,
And yet that pale Star well I know but lures me to my fate,
My bark tempts ruin still, with all, its hopes a costly freight!

But hence, vain thoughts, the sparkle now the foam wreath
and the spray,

Attract my eye and brightly charm my lingering fears away—

I smile at mine own sorrowing heart, 'tis gladdened and 'tis
grieved,
And almost hates itself that thus hath Pleasure's stamp
received.

No more am I the mourner now—yet e'en while I rejoice,
That full heart lifteth faintly up its never-silent voice,
And tossed 'twixt Pleasure and 'twixt Pain like some wind
shaken flame,
Abide I 'midst the Revellers—another and the same !

ALONE, AND WORSE EV'N THAN ALONE.

ALONE, and worse ev'n than alone,
From self half parted now !—
Well may I still the struggling moan,
And calm the clouding brow !

I have forgotten how to hope,
To wish, fear, shun, or seek,
Still let me lone and friendless droop
In speechless suffering meek.

Alone, and worse ev'n than alone,
From self divided now,
Sorrow is for my shadow grown,
And where—Oh ! where art *thou* ?

Answers my heavy, heavy heart
With one dire throb “ All's fled ! ”—
Then let the lonely One depart,
Whose Hope is with the Dead !

MOTHER !—SWEET MOTHER !—HASTE.

MOTHER !—sweet Mother !—haste,
And fold me to thy heart,
In those kind arms embraced,
Less deadly seems Grief's smart.

But ask me not—No ! no !—
Ne'er ask me why I mourn,
Nor seek to sound my woe,
Nor strive to steal the thorn !

Still give me tear for tear,
Still grant me sigh for sigh,
'Tis all thou canst do here,
No change comes till I die !

Still yield me tear for tear,
 And clasp mine aching brow,
 Breathe kind words in mine ear,
 'Tis all thou canst do now !

Yes ! pity me, and seek
 To make *my* wild tears flow,
 But urge me not to speak
 My deep and deadly woe.

Mother !—forbear—forgive—
 If that thou lov'st thy child,
 'Twould sharpen my despair
 To speak of pangs so wild !

To speak ?—I dare not *think*
 Upon my boundless woe,
 Who gazes o'er the brink
 Still tempts the depths below !

Mother!—sweet Mother!—haste,
On *thy* heart let me lie,
In those kind arms embraced
Would I depart and die!

GO! SISTER!

Go! Sister, to the Vintage Feast,
Though I, alas! with thee go not;
Haste, haste thee, like a bird released,
To that sweet sunny festal spot.

Ask me not why, I smile no more,
Ask me not why, I thus forbear
To join the throng as heretofore,
Nor in the inspiring gladness share.

Sweet Sister ! days perchance may come,
When thou, too, thus may ev'n deplore
And haunt that disenchanted home,
Which can delight and bless no more.

When thou may'st shrink from every sound
Of noisy happiness and mirth,
And looking ever on the ground,
Bend near and nearer to the Earth.

That earth which may at last—at last—
Take unto peace the outworned heart ;
Which beat too wildly warm, and fast,
For this its heavy mortal part !

Oh ! go then, gentlest Sister sweet,
And if thy young heart fondly learns,
Love pierced—to throb, to burn, and beat,
Take warning thus from her who mourns !

ROSE !

Rose ! regal rose !—how rich thou art,
Beauty blazeth at thy heart,
One treasury of precious things,
Art thou, whom gladsome summer brings
As the crown of all delight,
As the symbol of her right,
O'er each living heart to reign,
Sense and spirit to enchain—
Thee she brings—and we confess
The omnipotence of loveliness ?

Rose ! regal rose ! transcendant flower,
Thou hast a resplendent dower,
Thou hast a bright opulence,
And a dreamy freight intense
Of odours, graces, burning dyes—
Sun of Earth ! which like the skies,

Thou mak'st beautiful and bright,
All one blush of laughing light,—
Sun of Earth ! we laud thee while
We do bask in thy red smile—
Thou art full of witcheries deep—
Thou thy sway dost ever keep—
Poets have made thee their theme,
Lovers wreathed thee with their dream,
Mourners laid thee by their dead,
Round the pallid pillow'd head,
Maidens twined thee with their locks,
Conquerors, spared from battle shocks,
Have given thee at the banquet place
Victory's purple feast to grace—
Stern philosophers have loved thee,
Sage and statesmen old approved thee,
Monarchs 'midst their emblems worn thee'
On their crests of glory borne thee !
They have had thee strewed before them,
While their shouting people bore them,

To their coronation on,
To the altar—to the throne.
Rose—Oh ! regal, regal rose,
Thou'rt the loveliest flower that blows—
A little summer of delight
Is gathered in thine urn so bright,
A rich Arabia of perfumes
In each leaf that blushing blooms ;
Aye ! a heaven of summer lies,
'Mid thy burning royal dyes,
In thy deep and dazzling breast
Nature's brightest flower and best !—
And thou mak'st, all sweet as fair,
One Arabia of the air—
That around thee broods and sighs
If in far Arabia lies
The soul of odour full and deep
That in bliss the sense doth steep !
Did they fable forth of old
A Flora of celestial mould ?—

And name her Goddess of the Flowers
Guardian Queen of blossomed bowers—
Did they thus in the olden days,
And did they know thy crimson blaze ?
Did they reck thy costly breath,
Did they boast thy crowning wreath,
How could they thro' fair summer's hours
Mistake the Goddess of the Flowers ?—
Thou 'rt their Goddess—glorious Rose !
Each to thee deep worship owes,
True allegiance—adoration—
Crown of all the flowered creation.
Regal Rose, thy matchless mien
Thee proclaimeth for their Queen,
Thou 'rt the Flora of the flowers,
Thou 'rt the Goddess of the bowers ?
We the Rose their Goddess call
Reign in beauty o'er them all—
Still consummate flower remain
Darling of the Poet's strain,

Still light up the lover's dream
With a passion-painting gleam—
Still around the pallid dead
Tints of life-like beauty shed,
And cheat the mourner for awhile
With a warm reflected smile !
Still amidst the all glossy braids
O'er the brows of blushing maids,
Twine, bright flower !—and make more fair
The golden burnish of their hair !
At the conqueror's festal board,
Flower ! all worshipped and adored,
Smile—and from his haughty heart
Half the sternness shall depart—
Win philosopher and sage
Still to read thy heavenly page,
Thy book of beauty still to read,
And honour nature's works indeed !
For in thee, as in the star,
Her vast powers developed are !

And her wond'rous skill we trace
As in worlds that lighten space—
In thy leaf and in thy stem,
She fashioned thee—she fashioned them !
Man can make nor flower to blow,
Nor world to blaze, nor may he know
All the mysteries of their making,
All the wonders of their waking—
When from Nothing they're called forth
Full of beauty, grace, and worth—
Thou shall set the blood astir
In heart of stern philosopher,
He shall look upon thy blaze
And thro' many a glowing maze
Shall his thoughts like lightning run,
All commingling into *one*—
For a deep and fervent sense
Of Nature's powerful Providence,
And her boundless goodness too.
Shall with influence just and true

Quicken all his heart and mind
Knowing for what ends designed
All her works and wonders are
Whether Flower or flaming Star—
Whether world in heav'ns abyss,
Or the tenderest growth of this.
Rose, still charm the sage's eye
With thy fair fulgency,
Still resplendently revealed,
Shine thou on the monarch's shield,
By the imperial eagle's side
Be thou placed in equal pride !—
Where the crowded symbols shine,
Telling of his glorious line,
Beam in beauty and in state,
And the blazon consecrate—
And upon his crest of glory,
Tell then rose ! thine own sweet story.
Hint of nature, beauty, truth,
Breathe of love's own golden youth,

And around that proud crest twined
Do thou also rose ! remind,
That Kings—like gorgeous flowers which beam,
Amidst their heraldries supreme
(Flowers that vanish from the field,
Though they fade not on their shield)
Must decline, and wane, and fall,
Sharing thus the doom of all !
Rose—still blush along the way
Where in long-drawn pomp's array
The coronation's train comes on
To seat the anointed on his throne,
There—'mid jewels' bickering blaze,
Startling suddenly the gaze,
'Mid the sweep of plumes that toss
Silvery in the sunlight's gloss,
'Mid the wave of banners wide
With their rich elaborate pride,
'Mid the Minster's shadows frowning,
Be the coronation's crowning !

Nothing fairer eye can see
'Mid its glories, flower, than thee ;
Though thou'rt trampled, trodden down—
Thou'rt the coronation's crown.

All seems artificial there,
Saving thee—divinely fair ;
There dost *thou* breathe, smile, and live—
Nature's representative !

And she reigns—ev'n there she reigns—
And her wonted sway retains,
In her lovely envoy's form,
Glowing, beautiful, and warm ;
Rose—regal rose ! for evermore
Let us praise thee and adore ;
Nature's empires pass away,
Sciences and arts decay,
Lost, forgotten, and unknown,
Towers and cities are o'erthrown ;
Ages after ages—thou,
Rose, shalt reign as thou dost now,

Nature shall her pride renew—
Evermore as bright of hue,
Man shall evermore admire,
Ever laud thee—flower of fire !

'Tis as though Heaven's living blaze
Of still descending falling rays
In one spot gathered, mixed, entwined,
Together clustered and combined—

Had enkindled into thee—
Gloriously, triumphantly !

Sun of Earth ! consummate rose !

Whose sweet leaves of light disclose
New enchantments without end,
While on them our looks we bend ;

When this world shall pass away
On the dread and nameless day,
Shalt thou thenceforth be no more—

With thy beauty's boundless store !

Surely in unfading bowers
Thou wilt smile through changeless hours,

'Mid deathless blooms of Heav'nly birth,
Flower of Beauty—Sun of Earth !
Sun of Earth ! thou dost even now—
As do all things fair as thou—
Remind of higher holier things,
And make us thirst for Heav'nly springs !

LINES ON THE SUN.

SUN ! Beatific Sun, i' the year's wintriest day
If thou com'st forth with pomp in every ray,
A little world of summer round thee smiles,
The barren clouds laugh out to flowery isles,
To little skyey oases of bliss
Too fair to gaze on from a world like this,
Without fond yearnings and keen longings deep
To climb the severing and untrodden steep !

Sun ! Beatific Sun, thrice glorious Sun,
 Thou can'st make precious all thou look'st upon,
 All things grow beautiful beneath thine eye—
 As though they drank æthereal poetry,
 From thy divinest aspect—was the Sea
 Set in this earth to be a glass for thee !
 Were the unnumbered stars with their soft rays
 Scattered, to be as foils to thy crowned blaze,
 Through endless space (when trembling into light
 They wake remembrance of thy matchless might)
 Through endless space that sparkles with their gleams—
 But burns—but blazes with *thy* Kingly beams !
 Sun ! Beatific Sun ! 'tis thou hast given
 To us clay-moulded mortals Earth and Heaven,
 For both to thy enlightening beams we owe—
 Without which neither could we view or know ;
 And still from thee, Oh ! orb divinely bright,
 We mount in thought towards the Light of Light.
 Thou Godlike Sun !—thou shonest but to say,
 “ *My Maker bade me make* the glorious day,

I shine upon His worlds—obey His word,
And sway the universe to serve its Lord;
I reign and rule His great creation still,
To make that reign subservient to His will !”

Oh ! bear the brightness of a perfect day
Far through our Souls, and let each stainless ray
Meet with a thought as pure and as serene,
And brighten thou that Spiritual Scene,
For powers of darkness there full often brood,
And turn to evil all our hopes of good.

Sun !—Beatific Sun ! no ray of thine
Upon that Spiritual Scene can shine,
A Heavenlier Light—a Spiritual Sun
Must shine and smile those clouds away—or none.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

THOU'RT gathered like a shock of corn

For the eternal harvest—Lo !

A few years since thou wert not born,

A few more—none thy name shall know !

So is it with the race of man,

Well may we say he passeth soon,

His troubled days are but a span—

His breath a vain and fleeting boon.

We pass each other on the race,

One falls—the others struggle on,

We ever take each other's place,

Nor think on those who are past and gone.

Yes!—where *they* trod *we* careless tread,
Inheriting the world from them,
Successors of those shrouded Dead
Whom to oblivion we condemn.

Millions have died to give us place,
But we need pity not their lot,
Once dead—*they* live throughout all space,
We dying, live on one small spot!

For day by day we're dying still,
And waning on unto the end,
No strength, no science, and no skill,
Can from the eternal Foe defend.

And thou hast joined that countless host
Who have departed from the Earth,
Thou art among the many lost
Who leave no record of their birth.

But whilst *I* yet am spared to breathe,
In thoughtful prayers thy name beloved,
Thou shalt remembered be beneath,
Though far beyond all dreams removed !

DEFIANCE.

Away strong Love !—away, I will resist,
I will defy thee still while I exist,
I dare not sink before thy flowery shrine,
Another part—a different lot is mine ;
 I will defy thee, Love,
 And ne'er thy mastery prove.

If once I yielded to thy fearful sway,
 My passionate Soul would pour itself away
 In luxury of self-scorning recklessness,
 Even to *thy* worship—wreaked upon excess,
 And should I thus forego
 My nobler hopes below ?

No ! I will still avoid thee—still disown,
 Nor make my Heart thy world, my Soul thy throne,
 By higher duties called, and loftier claims,
 That Heart and Soul are warmed by prouder flames ;
 I may not weakly pine
 Beneath such rule as thine !

I know if my impassioned hope and trust
 Were once bowed down unto the dismal dust,
 My misery and mine agonized distress
 Should grow still darkling, deepening to excess;
 And madness 'twere indeed,
 To nail them on Love's reed.

No ! Love ! I will defy thee and deny,
 I will forswear thy pow'r—thy presence fly,
 And at thy least approach will shrink away,
 Lest I be won to yield unto thy sway ;
 I will defy thee still
 Dark Love ! thou deadliest ill !

No word of thine shall reach my guarded ear,
 Too much thy false and fatal power I fear,
 I shun thee still—Ah ! treacherous that thou art,
 Who 'scapes the shaft that once hath struck his heart ?
 Far—far must I remove,
 Ere I can shun *thee*, Love !

Vain are the guarded ear, the watchful eye,
 (Alas ! I own it with a shuddering sigh)
 When the dire Foe, the dark unbidden Guest
 Doth in the heart's own core securely rest ;
 Vain are the vauntings now—
 The vigil and the vow !

BRIGHTEST SPRING.

BRIGHTEST Spring, thou'rt here again,
And Nature drops her Winter's chain ;
The world seems young and fresh once more,
Creation doth thy smile adore !

Beautiful thou art ! and thou
Makest our world as beauteous now ;
Golden lights are in the skies,
On the Earth ten thousand dyes,
Fair the Sun in Heaven's vault shines,
And as though the Earth's golden mines
All were o'er her surface spread,
She the splendour overhead—
Doth as lustrously reflect,
And an equal pomp affect !

Brightest Spring, thou'rt here again,
The world now drops its winter's chain,

It is free and glad once more,
And with beauty running o'er;
Oh ! enchanted time and dear,
Spring for ever welcome here !
Hark ! it is the warbling thrush,
Quick his notes of rapture gush !
Listen ! 'tis the gladsome lark,
Hence ! away with care and cark !
Look ! Oh transport to the view,
'Tis the violet bursting through !
Pause !—feel'st thou the velvet sod ?
Soft as ever fairies trod ;
Mark—is not that odorous breath
Wafted from Spring's new-pleached wreath ?
Oh ! thou brightest season smile
O'er field and rock and mount and isle,
O'er Earth and air, o'er sea and shore—
For the ocean's purple floor
Wins a more enchanting hue,
A deeper and diviner blue,

When thy steps of lightness pass
O'er it—making it thy glass,
(Worthy of thy radiant form
When untroubled by the storm—
And thou bid'st the storm away—
To await a darker day;) .
While the grateful Ocean flings
O'er thy many-coloured wings
Its bright waters—like a charm,
Thee with mightier power to arm,
Every drop hath freshening power
To improve thy lustrous hour;
And o'er all the smiling land,
Where thou tak'st thy happy stand,
From his treasury is shed
Freshness, beauty, widely spread;
The air too richly overflows
With tints and treasures of the Rose!—
Up its golden labyrinths run
My strong thoughts! unto the Sun!

Whence this lovely thing is born
That doth all the scene adorn,
Bask in his unbounded blaze
Twine yourselves 'mid his rich rays !
All the air is flushed and filled
With those beams that deepening gild
Day by day the enkindling Earth,
Wakening from her wintery dearth ?
Spring ! the world at thy sweet call
Startles from its gloomy thrall,
Rises up as from the tomb
In a glory of young bloom--
Should not this remind all men
How themselves will rise again
From the dark and frozen grave
The yet unopened world-wide cave ?
Where unknown, unseen, remain
Bound in more than icy chain,
Myriads, upon myriads heaped
Heaven's vast harvest yet unreaped—

Spring ! more precious far than thine
 Through thy treasures brightly shine,
 Are the treasures deeply laid
 In the Grave's far-reaching shade—
 They that there await the hour
 Which shall call them forth in power
 From the darkness of the tomb,
 To put on immortal bloom—
 Spring ! thy beauty makes me glad,
 Should thy lessons make me sad ?
 No ! that beauty is as nought
 To the hopes that thou hast brought !

LINES,

WRITTEN IN MY GARDEN AT ——.

BIRDS, bells, and lulling bees, and measured oars,
 Mixed with a calm the raptured Soul adores,
 Here captive make the senses and the heart,
 Each lovely sound would lovely be apart,

But thus commingling in one full-toned strain,
'Twould charm the deaf dull ear of groaning pain,
Disperse the thoughts of Sorrow's mournful breast,
And bid delight a moment be its guest;
Exalt the worldling's grovelling fancies even,
And give the erring Soul *one* dream of Heaven !
Yet, no ! this harmony might discord prove
To hearts not gently tuned to perfect love ;
It is the bosom's concord that alone
Can lend its sweetness to each separate tone.
Birds, bells, and bees, and dip of measured oars
Should grating be as when the night wind roars
Against the watcher's casement, if no note
From the deep Soul might with them thrilling float,
And stamp them into music—if it send
No breath of bliss with their sweet sounds to blend,
If no pure tone of glad and calm assent
Spring from the peaceful bosom of content,
No Jubilate from the heart bursts forth
To lend them mystic and melodious worth—

Then glad am I by this sure test to find
That peace and hope are throned within my mind—
For all is music to my ear and heart,
While thus I linger sheltered, and apart
From the World's busy, noisy, troubled scenes,
From which my Spirit with aversion leans—
No tone discordant o'er my sense doth jar,
No sigh the enchanted melody can mar—
But all is pleasure still, for all is peace,
And need I fear the blessed charm should cease ?
No ! all must still be gladness and repose,
And harmony, which no distraction knows—
All, still sweet music to my ear and heart,
Dearest ! since discord comes not where thou art,
While truth and faith and gratitude combine
To make me wholly Love's and wholly *thine* !

LOVE ME NOT !

Love me not !—love me not !—I could not be
A sorrow and a bitterness to thee,
I would not be thy chastisement, thy doom,
And shouldst thou love me, such must I become !

Thou, whose glad path with starry beams is lit,
Canst little guess how gloomily unfit
A dark deep Spirit like mine own must prove
For Love's light dream—for the sweet sway of Love !

I would not haunt thee with mysterious gloom,
Nor cast o'er thee the shadows of my doom,
Nor teach thee the misdoubtings, the mistrust
With which *I* look on all things that are dust.

And all I see and meet still seems to me
To share the dust of my mortality,
Hope is a flutterer that just forward flies,
Then folds her fairy wings and falls and dies.

Love is but selfishness in lovelier shape,
A struggle from our suffering selves to 'scape,
And to avoid the storms by which we're tossed,
And so 't will last—till the illusion's lost !

Love me not!—love me not!—look not on me
If thou would'st happy and unchastened be,
A penalty of suffering thou should'st pay
For such fond rashness—smile that dream away.

Shall the controlling check of my dark fear
Bid *thy* hope fade—and shall the untimely tear
From my dim melancholy joyless eye
Melt thy young spirit's worlds of phantasy?

Aye ! all thy fancy's fabrics of delight
That shine so beautiful in Hope's charmed sight—
Love me not, gentle One, or these thou 'lt lose,
As lose the flowers at noon, morn's freshening dews.

Love me not !—love me not !—I could not bear
To bend thee nearer earth with doubt and care,
That lovely head was never meant to droop—
Uplifted now so gloriously in hope.

Leave me to mine own dark and dismal fate,
And move thou on triumphant and elate
In gladness and in freedom—move thou on
In peace and pleasure—leave *me* lorn and lone !

Withdraw from me thine every gentle thought,
Say not that once thy dear regard I sought ;
I met an angel on my shadowy way,
And paused a moment—charmed into delay.

Ah ! me, that sweetest moment I forgot
The dire and desperate sorrows of my lot—
But woke full soon to their remembrance back,
And silently pursued my lonely track.

Love me not !—love me not !—look not on me,
Leave me—and be the happiest of the free—
Say, could it cheer me or console to know
Thou wert the sharer of my hopeless woe ?

Deem'st thou thy love could win me from my grief?
It might, but for a season short and brief,
And heavier should recoil upon my head—
The undying sorrows and the sufferings dread !

Oh ! love me not !—my heart is full of fear,
New forms of terror to my view appear,
Fate threatens me, and all around me grows
Darker and darker in this waste of woes !

And would'st thou have me unto thee reveal
 Why this reluctance of distrust I feel—
 Must I to thee the hidden truth unfold ?
 Ah ! better far to mask it and withhold !

Yet, since thou will'st it—let me own to thee
 Why thus I tremble at thy love for me,
 To thee the painful truth with candour tell,
 It is because I love thee—but too well !

Because too well—too well I love thee still—
 And fain would spare thee every earthly ill ;
 And know I not that loving *me* must call
 On thy devoted head Earth's miseries all ?

Ah ? know I not that loving *me* must bring
 To thy devoted heart each keenest sting,
 Each deadliest dart of suffering and of pain—
 And clasp round thee my harsh and heavy chain.

I could not live—I could not live and know
 Thou wert the sharer of my wasting woe ;
 Then, then farewell to pride and to disdain
 Which arm me *now* to grapple with my pain !

Then should I grow the weakest of the weak,
 The changing colour on thy perfect cheek,
 The gathering moisture in thy matchless eye,
 Should crush my soul with sick despondency.

And it would be so ! Oh ! I know—I feel
 The griefs ev'n thou must fail to soothe or heal,
 Would pierce me through *thy heart* with ten-fold force,
 But spare me dear affection's fond remorse !

In that affection's name I pray thee spare—
 My wounded spirit dreads this worst despair—
 Nor seek to know what are the griefs which stand
 'Twixt thee and me—that wave the flaming brand !

Thy gentler heart were withered by the shock,
The bare crags of the thunder-blasted rock
Have little left to suffer or to dread—
Death hath no farther terrors for the Dead !

But Oh ! from gay Prosperity's fair heights
Swift to be hurled, to endure sharp Sorrow's blights,
Yet fresh from joy's own soft and sunny clime
This, this were anguish—shun it then in time.

Love me not !—love me not !—Oh ! hear my prayer,
And leave me, to my doom of lonely care,
Let me but know that cloudless, smiles *thy* lot—
For thy sake, and for my sake—love me not !

EAST, WEST, SOUTH, AND NORTH.

SWEET South ! thine be the scenes for me,
How beautiful those scenes must be,
There grow the golden fruited trees,
And myrtle-thickets scent the breeze,
The fountains fall in music still,
And vineyards gird the sunny hill.

The royal Heavens of purple shine
From dawn of day to day's decline,
Still beautiful and blue and bright,
One boundless Paradise of Light,
As Heaven restored to us in love,
That fair One, lost below—above !

There all is love !—and all is light,
To chain and charm the Soul and sight,
And Poetry breathes still around,
Soft from the kindling air and ground,
And Nature bloometh like a bride
In all her pomp, and all her pride !

There all things living live in joy
Without a measure of alloy—
There seems the World in its glad prime,
Fair is the country—fair the clime,
Nay, there the golden plains and bowers
Remind of lovelier Worlds than ours.

Oh ! balmy breeze—Oh ! bounteous beam,
Your sighs, your smiles entrancing seem
To waft us Heavenwards for awhile,
But still you sigh—but still you smile,
It is no trance—no dream of bliss—
A true and lasting joy is this !

Sweet South ! Sweet South ! thy scenes I choose,
All brightening o'er with sunniest hues,
Aye ! snatch me to the Southern Land
Where prospects fair as Hope expand,
Where all is blessed, all is bright,
A World of Love—a World of Light !

Yet farther South, still farther, where
More scorching grows the breezeless air,
Full of the Sun-god—evermore
Whom fervent Earth appears to adore—
And like a worshipper to gaze
Upon his full unfolded blaze.

Where days of boundless beauty break,
And Earth, Air, Heaven one glory make,
Where nights of awful majesty
Make yon starred sky one dark-blue sea
Heaving round blazing isles of fire,
That tempt the coldest thoughts to aspire.

But, beauteous East, can I pass o'er
Thy treasures' proud exhaustless store?
Can I forget what splendours there
Shine kindling out, supremely fair,
Even where thy scenes of glorious pride
Expand and smile on every side !

Bright beauteous East, to thee I turn,
Where gems of rainbowed glory burn
All dazzlingly and strangely fair,
As sunbeams shone imprisoned there,
Still struggling to escape, in vain,
And to their source to flow again !

Blushing to be thus still detained,
And thus by earthly bonds enchain'd !
As though those sunbeams evermore
Pent in the jewel's burning core—
Trembling and quivering sought to evade
The stubborn fetters on them laid.

. The East—the East—the gorgeous East,
 Not yet the mighty charm hath ceased
 Which governed me with mystic power
 Through many a rapt and dreaming hour,
 While o'er the fabling Eastern lore
 'Twas mine with pleased amaze to pore—

There did the fairy's form alight—
 Vouchsafed to some more favoured sight,
 There did the powerful Genii lurk,
 And their dark deeds of mystery work—
 There magic took for evermore
 The fairest shape she ever bore !

Who hath not dreamt, (that ever bent,
 That ever mute and breathless leant
 O'er that rich page whose space contains
 The records of their golden reigns)—
 Of the old crowned Caliphs of the East,
 And all the pomps that with them ceased ?

Who hath not courted for awhile,
And bade those scenes of splendour smile
Around them in their full-blown pride,
That there are imaged forth, and dyed,
With colourings magical and strange,
Beautiful in their boundless change?

Who hath not all those splendours seen,
Who hath not overshadowed been
By the proud pile's fair roof sublime
That mocked all works of art and time,
Whose walls by Genii hands were wrought
To shame the speed of tardier thought?

Who hath not, with youth's blood astir,
With Sindbad been a voyager?
And rapt in a delicious awe,
Heard all he heard, seen all he saw—
While wonder after wonder came
His kindling fancy to inflame?

Then lived he in the enchanted tales—
 Now o'er the unknown seas he sails,
 Now lands with him, his fearless guide,
 On some strange shore, and doth abide
 'Mid the alien habitants, or try
 Its haunts of lonelier mystery !

Who hath not gazed in thought on thee
 Sweet Sultaness Zobeidé,
 And basked in Schemselnihar's smile,
 And owned the Queen of Beauty's wile,
 And with the awakened sleeper blessed
 Fair “ Lip of Coral,” and the rest ?

Who hath not in the Enchanted Halls,
 'Midst murmuring tones of fountain falls,
 And precious gleams of glory bright,
 And odorous breathings of delight,
 Feasted his senses and his Soul,
 And raptured, made his own the whole ?

The East—the East—the gorgeous East—
Both sense and Soul we there may feast,
Oh ! bear me to the East, for there
The Earth is golden and the air—
The rising Sun there rears a throne,
And claims the empire for his own.

There the pomegranite trees extend
Their lovely umbrage to defend
The wanderer from that Sun so bright,
Which reigns omnipotent of light,
And date-trees too their soft shade spread,
And the proud palm exalts its head.

There float the birds of Paradise,
Like natives of the upper skies—
Sent from the Edens of their birth
To bear glad messages to Earth—
While to their glorious crests and wings
Surely a light celestial clings.

But, mighty West ! I turn to thee,
Canst thou passed o'er in silence be ?
Of loftiest charms art thou possessed,
Oh ! thou sublime and wond'rous West,
Let me with startled eyes behold
Thine ample beauties wide unrolled.

Oh ! West ! whose shadowy world of Woods
Re-echoes to the roar of floods,
And in the Sun's immortal face
Heaves up a darkness in his place,
How must thy boundless features melt
The Soul with awe, before unfelt !

Thy mighty mountains proudly rise
To lose themselves within the skies,
Broad spread thy lakes of aspect bright,
Unbounded oceans to the sight,
Fair seas of beauty—that unfold
Glassed Heavens of purple and of gold.

Oh ! West ! in fancy I can hear
Thy stunning cataract peals of fear—
In fancy I can see extend
Thy forest shadows without end,
In all the umbrageous pride of gloom
Which deepens like a cloud of doom !

And follow too the serpentine
Of thy proud rivers' silvery line,
And those broad boundless prairies view
Which please the eye with verdant hue—
And gaze upon thy mountain-heights
Crested with jewel-coloured lights.

Nor let me only in a dream
Behold the forest, mount, and stream,
Of vast proportions and sublime,
That glorify that distant clime—
Oh ! bear me o'er the severing sea
To where the Western wonders be.

Bear, bear me to the far-off West
Across the ocean's billowy breast,
And let my lifted mind expand
In sight of the Majestic Land,
And let my Soul be girt to hail
Nature on her sublimest scale !

But thou, Oh ! stern and frozen North,
Hast thou no glory and no worth ?
Have thy far frowning regions wide
No beauties of severer pride ?
Hast thou no wonders to display,
No mighty and sublime array ?

Aye ! verily, Old North ! thou hast,
And o'er thine outstretched icy waste
'T were marvellous to mark the sway
Of lengthened night or lingering day,
While spreads the frozen World beneath,
As though it knew no life, nor breath.

And marvellous and strange 'twere too,
Thy mighty monster-things to view,
Thy huge leviathans that keep
Their hoáry empire of the deep—
And in their wrath or in their play
Lash the great waters into spray !

And beautiful I guess 'twould be
The arrows of keen light to see,
That dart with dazzling splendour there,
Enkindling all the brightened air,
Making at once Earth, Air, and Sky
A more than starry galaxy !

And much of beauty might we mark
Where spread thy fir-formed forests dark,
Like a vast pall of funeral gloom
Hung o'er some old imperial tomb—
Blackening and massive, cumbering all
The ground where but its shadows fall.

And wond'rous must it be to see
 The boiling geysers bubbling free,
 And strange to view the icebergs vast
 Like moving islands floating past,
 And strange and beauteous to behold
 The snow a thousand winters old !

Oh ! North and South and East and West,
 Each are of mighty charms possessed,
 Wherever thou, great Nature, art,
 In beauty hast thou still thy part,
 And still dost thou disclose sublime
 Thy triumphs through each varying clime.

And North and South and East and West
 Are by their mighty Maker blessed,
 All parts of one great Work Divine,
 All portions of one grand Design—
 The Eternal Lord pronounced it good,
 And fast the proud Creation stood !

And still where'er we wander forth,
Or East or West or South or North,
The Heavenly Hand we still may trace
Through every clime and every place—
And wondering own on sea or land
The triumphs of that Heavenly Hand !

And North and South and East and West
The Almighty Ruler's power attest,
And far as Wanderer's foot can stray,
As eye of mortal can survey,
Still all is glorious—all is fair,
Nature and Nature's God are there !

EARTH IS PITILESS.

If Sorrow overtake us here
In this harsh World, the bleak and drear,
Then are we left to mourn alone,
To make in solitude our moan !

The proud, the thoughtless, and the gay
Press onwards on their prosperous way,
With eager hope they onwards press,
And leave us to our weariness.

Aye ! burdened with a weary mind,
Unpitied we are left behind,
By sickness of the Soul bowed down,
With little comfort for our own.

We feel we are deserted here
On this harsh hollow World and drear,
And vainly look, for none are nigh
Our needs—our solace to supply.

Then do we grasp the empty air,
Or hug our own o'erwrought despair,
Since nought for us remains on Earth
But its worst darkness and its dearth.

Then, then that last resource—the Grave
Full oft, as our sole good we crave,
And with the arrow in his breast
The doomed one seeketh for his rest.

Our dear Companions of the Past
All from our view have vanished fast,
Each on his shining path is gone,
And we are left to sink alone !

Like the Indian Woman left to die
In lone and helpless misery,
When faints her Soul and fails her strength
On the laborious march—at length !

Like the Indian Woman left to die
In desolate despondency,
Her heavy eyes still straining far
To gaze where her beloved ones are.

None linger by her death-bed cold,
Her death-bed and her grave—Earth's mould—
None, none with kind compassion wait,
Till stricken falls the blow of Fate.

Her last convulsive broken sigh—
The close of all her agony—
With the receding footsteps blends
The footsteps of her faithless friends

Or happily with the lowering tones
Of her own dearly cherished ones—
While each along the pathway hies,
Nor turns to weep o'er her who dies !

Or like the outworned Soldier left—
Of energy and hope bereft—
In some forced march of fearful length,
Deprived of power, and shorn of strength.

Oh ! better far the rage of war,
The battle's terrors better far,
Than this deserted desperate doom,
This sinking piecemeal to the tomb !

The trampling of the host he hears,
Catches the bickering light of spears,
Then sees at last the long array
Fade in the horizon—slow away.

And of his ancient comrades none
Remain to soothe the hopeless one,
To breathe some parting words of cheer
Or love in his unsolaced ear.

Even so it is with us, when we,
Oh ! Grief ! are smitten sore by thee,
When we sink down by ills o'erborne,
Wasted and wearied—wrung and worn !

Alas ! it is with us even so,
When we are crushed by Mortal Woe,
When we are in our worst distress
Who stops to soothe—to cheer—to bless ?

Doth then remain to us one friend
To help or guide—to watch or tend ?—
No ! all are hastening hurrying on,
Forgetful of the stricken One.

Each hath some darling hope in view,
Some favourite object to pursue;
All are urged on unto the close,
Still lured by things that bar repose.

In vain we breathe the imploring prayer,
'Tis lost in the unconscious air,
In vain our suppliant hands we raise,
And lift a long and yearning gaze—

No heart by that vain prayer is stirred,
The feeble wail is scarcely heard,
Amidst the unceasing din, and loud
The clamour of the restless crowd !

Back on our hearts that prayer is sent,
And we with heavier grief are bent,
Darker and darker frowneth round
The iron doom wherein we're bound.

Ah ! cease complaint's fond cry to raise,
He prays in vain who weakly prays
For pity or for mercy here,
They dwell within a distant sphere !

Look round !—are all not hurrying on
As some fair goal was to be won ?
All, all are wrapt in some dear dream,
Devoted to some smiling scheme—

No time have they to spare for those
Who faint beneath the weight of woes,
And yet they might, could they foresee
How useless their fond haste must be.

Could they foresee their vain pursuit
Should have but ashes for its fruit,
For such, full oft becomes the fate
Of those who strive with hope elate !

But no ! they may not this foresee—
They gather from the uncertainty
But keener hopes—but wilder zeal
Until their fate *they* haply seal !

And they in turn are left behind
With wounded heart and wearied mind,
By those who still are lured along
By hopes and passions deep and strong.

And they deserted in their turn
Feel how the stricken heart can burn,
And in their turn they darkly know
How bitter is the draught of woe.

Then comes the anguish and the fear,
And all is desolate and drear—
Awhile they struggle and they sigh,
Then earthwards drawn they droop and die.

But Oh ! how proudly deeply blessed
Am I on Earth—beyond the rest—
What joys must with my sorrows blend
While thou art near—my Soul's own friend !

That kind commiserating voice
Can bid me even in grief rejoice—
That dear consoling tone can charm
Away from me each sterner harm.

That pitying sympathizing sigh
Can win me from despondency !
And Oh ! that smile—that cheering smile
Can half my woes at once beguile !—

But when I see that brow of thine
(Where but unclouded peace should shine !)
For *my* sake darkened shadowed o'er—
For *thy* sake then I mourn no more !

For much is still in our own power—
(Through every varying trying hour)
Of self command and self controul,
And we full oft can rule the Soul !

Find but a motive, deep and strong,
And Passion's wild tumultuous throng
Submits unto the yoke—the chain—
Ev'n Passion's fierce and fiery train !

And Sorrow's pale retinue too
That pierce the wrung heart thro' and thro'.
Unto subjection can be brought—
And order and obedience taught.

And Oh ! can there a motive be
More mighty than my love for thee,
Which prompts the wish thy heart to spare
From every dream of pain and care.

It makes my very Happiness—
(Which most that generous heart can bless)
Like a sweet sacred duty still
That I am called on to fulfill.

And happy, happy I must be,
Loved of my Soul ! when near to thee,
Dire must the blow be—dark the grief,
To which thy love brings no relief !

MY THOUGHTS ! ASCEND.

Victoriously—Victoriously
My rushing Thoughts ! ascend,
And cleave the Air and climb the Sky,
And with the Sunlight blend.

The imperial mysteries strive to sound
Whose fountains are above
The glorified, the illumined, the crowned,
They may be pierced by Love !

By Love whose reverential breath
Is stilled down to a prayer,
That Dove-like thing—yet strong as Death
To brave—to brook—to bear !

Triumphantly—Triumphantly—
My thoughts ! from Earth arise—
And soar into the opening Sky—
To a thousand opening Skies !

For Height still stretcheth beyond Height—
In endless glory there—
And boundless are those Seas of Light—
And realms of Golden Air !

From World to World—from Sun to Sun

There may ye shoot in might—

While yet your flight but seems begun,

Your space-devouring Flight !

Illustriously—Illustriously—

In characters august—

Trace ye along the Eternal Sky

The triumphs of your trust !

Your glorious aspirations write—

Your towering hopes and fair—

As 't were with Fire on flameless Light—

With Wind on waveless Air !

My Thoughts !—'midst Seraph ranks above

Through zealous trust be found

Crowned, glorified, and raised by Love,

Though born on Mortal Ground.

THE ISLE OF BEAUTY.

WHERE glitters the Isle where the sunny tract glows,
All baptized by the odours that drop from the rose,
Where in Paradise-breathings the Southern-Wind blows
So rich is the Soul of its sighs !

Where laughs the sweet Isle that is washed by the wave,
O'er whose silvery tremour no storm dares to rave,
The olden Venus' bright haunt ! the lost Sun-God's warm
grave,
Like some Star fallen away from the Skies !

Lit up by the purple Heaven's mightiest of rays—
Yet tender the radiance, and softened the blaze !
Oh ! precious its nights are—and beauteous its days !
Love—Love !—'tis a realm meet for thee.

A glad tumult of murmurs, through copse and flowered shade
 Speaks of life and of joy—all undimmed—undecayed—
 And, melody-fraught, shakes each leaf of the glade,
 Like a faint moaning shell of the Sea.

Where the orange-bowers all their fair treasures unfold,
 Till the grove hath a Star-light of red burning gold !
 Where in beautiful gloom stand the lone fanes of old,
 The fanes of the glorious dead !

Where thrillingly low, sing the echo-voiced doves,
 Till music—the awakener !—ruffles the groves—
 May blessings fall round ye ! sweet Land of the Loves !
 May blessings around ye be shed !

Yet is nothing but Beauty—and Beauty in bloom,
 In that young world of Sunshine and flowers and perfume,
 Ah ! the Cypress grows there, as awaiting the tomb,
 In darkness and silence it towers ! .

Thus, thus whispers of Death pierce Earth's tumults of joy,
 All love and all loveliness—strong to destroy !
 And our life-cup hath *there* even its wormwood-alloy
 'Mongst those Heaven-breathing exquisite bowers !

THE FAREWELL TO EARTH.

MUST, must I die, and leave all I've loved or known,
 Possessed or cherished—called and dreamed mine own?—
 This glad bright world, this laughing air and sky,
 This blessed home of love—must, must I die?
 Oh ! beautiful hath life seemed unto me,
 Death—hence ! away ! thou ghastly Mystery !

Youth's flushing characters o'erpaint my cheek,
 Round my bright path the glitt'ring moments break
 In sudden star-showers, or soft vernal dews!—
 Till life but wears the rose's sumptuous hues;—
 My heart is borne on gusts of quivering joy,
 Must Fate its fervid happiness destroy ?

A power is given to wood and breezy hill,
 My Soul with gushing tenderness to fill ;
 As magic poured through clouds, and leaves, and streams,
 Mantling with glory all my gladsome dreams ;
 The very breeze is murmuring, “ Stay ! Oh ! stay ! ”—
 A chain winds round me with each morning ray !

How can I, poor, reluctant trembler, part
 From the beloved ones of my yearning heart ?—
 How turn my lingering, aching sight away
 From the familiar glories of the day—
 Whilst Summer’s breathings float so sweetly round,
 And morning’s unisons of gladness sound ?

Even now warm Southern winds are faintly flowing
 Through answering leaves and flowers of June’s bestowing ;
 And Death is in the world, and on his way,
 Rushing like midnight in its haughty sway—
 Unpitying ’mongst all gentle loving things,
 O’ersweeping all with his vast shadowy Wings !

And thou, my home ! thy dim and antique bowers,
 Must they no more, while glow noon's conquering hours,
Shade me with woven veil of scented boughs,
 Through which no dazzling beam its pathway ploughs ?
 Thy singing birds shall yet haunt each loved gloom,
 While I am in the dark unwhispering tomb !

Even now their full victorious joy is swelling
 Through the green leafy precincts of my dwelling,
 Their glimmering colours glance along the air
 Like rainbow-fragments, quivering restless there ;
 Far have ye journeyed, birds of Summer's sky,
 O'er Waste and Deep to bring rich melody.

Far have ye journeyed ! but *my* journeyings lone
 May not like *yours*, with starry joys be strown,
 To my green native Earth no hurrying back,
 On the Spring's glorious and exulting track ;
 Alas ! 'tis therefore with dejected eyes
 I mark the Queenly Morning's dawn and rise.

Yet doth it haste towards cloudy vapourous Eve,
 No brilliant record, no bright trace to leave,
 Of all it hath been, so to mournful Eld
 My life will float if doom be now withheld;
 'Tis o'er the grave the undying Mornings glow—
 Triumphanty, though mournfully—I go !

A VISIT TO A COUNTRY HOUSE.

MRS. MARCHMONT ! I'm charmed and delighted
 Your blooming good looks to remark,
 Ever since we were kindly invited,
 We've thought but of Easterwell Park !

Pray allow me —— my dear eldest daughter,
 I think you've ne'er seen her before,
 And my youngest besides I have brought her,
 'Tis shameful though bringing the four

For here is my sweet Araminta,
Oh ! you must make acquaintance with her,
She came out but this very last winter,
And caused some sensation and stir !

And my lovely and gay Juliana—
Her I think you can hardly forget—
You remarked on her mein and her manner
When at Brighton last season we met.

And my School-boy—your kindness he shared not,
But, alas ! he's so wildly inclined,
So rude and so rough—that we dared not
By any means leave *him* behind !

I've another dear boy that's more steady,
My poor Frederick—but he's far away,
You must know he's a gallant young middy
That will grace his profession some day !

His arrival indeed we're expecting—
You'll permit him to join us All here,
The reunion will be most affecting—
For to all of us Freddy is dear.

I am quite a weak fool about Freddy,
Though he has some slight faults I must say,
Since, although he's so good and so steady,
From his ship he ran seven times away.

He's a fine, frank, affectionate creature—
All he has in the world he would give—
And so generous and kind is his nature,
That we must check its warmth, I believe.

When on shore—scarce the tale you will credid—
Twenty pounds from his father he stole,
(Though this tale we would wish not to spread it)
And spent on his sister the whole.

For he purchased her earrings and necklace,
(He had heard her admire much the set)
And though may be, *this was* rather reckless,
Such an act we can scarcely forget !

As for William my youthful Collegian,
He is studying most zealously now,
But escaped from the classical region,
He'll hasten to make you his bow.

He will prove a companion delightful
For your promising son I expect,
And in general 'tis really quite frightful
The friendships that young men select.

My son's most distinguished and clever,
Though a *little* too wild I allow,
Since I grieve much to say he's for ever
Engaged in some riot or row.

He's too fond too of drinking and gambling,
But 'tis natural and right at his age !—
One must pardon a little wild rambling,
I like not to see young men *too* sage.

I don't doubt he'll amend soon his living—
But at present his passions are play,
Slang, cock-fighting, boxing, and driving,
But he'll soon change his course, I dare say !

To the turf too he's strangely devoted,
I wish there was no turf at all !
My brother too much on it doated,
To the ruin of Rantriot Hall !

Willy last week a watchman assaulted,
And for this was imprisoned and fined—
But most dignified still and exalted
Is he, both in his manners and mind !

He's too easily led on by others,
From whence these slight weaknesses come,
Full of spirit too just like his brothers,
And for faults—we have all of us some !

Your son can't do better than make him
His bosom companion and friend,
As his model I trust he will take him,
On his worth he may firmly depend !

For the light venial errors I've mentioned,
To that worth they but serve as a foil,
He's well principled, soundly intentioned,
I but fear the world's homage will spoil !

One so full of all talent and spirit,
So superior and shining as he,
Must be courted and prized for his merit,
And the Idol of thousands must be !

I am told his young friend, my Lord Burten,
Now cuts him—sheer envy no doubt—
Yes ! 'tis malice and envy I'm certain,
Just because my dear boy cuts him—out !

To be sure they *do* say he 's delightful,
The best brother and son ever known,
But he must be most horridly spiteful—
Since he thus doth my Willy disown.

For a time they were sworn friends, believe me,
And for nothing Lord Burten turned round,
(So said Willy, who ne'er would deceive me)
And a friend more congenial soon found.

I suspect the youth 's *too* strict and rigid,
(Besides—envious of William's great powers !)
He looks odiously formal and frigid !
I am glad he is no son of ours !

May I ask who you have here at present ?

I was told young Lord Glasville was here,
Oh ! I'm sure we shall find it so pleasant
You will tempt us to stay half the year !

Not a word, my dear friend !—I assure you
'Tis no flattery—Oh ! no, not a bit,
Why, my Julia, this fine air will cure you
Of the small-pox you've scarcely lost yet.

Nay, pray don't be alarmed, my dear Lady !
You see she is scarce marked at all,
Indeed, our friend Doctor O'Brady
Said—those slight marks all hearts would enthrall,

That they suited her air and complexion,
And gave an additional charm,
And agreed with her looks to perfection,
And indeed there's no ground for alarm.

Yes ! I see you're afraid of infection,
But I'm sure nothing bad will befall,
Though I own 'tis my rooted conviction
Vaccination's of no use at all.

All my faith in it now's gone for ever,
'Tis a weak superstitious vain charm,
I can never again trust it—never,
Do just look at the mark on her arm.

She'd this cow-pox before she could prattle,
And of small-pox I ne'er had a fear,
Though my sister with me had a battle
When she heard the disease was so near !

It was brought from the town by some stranger—
The town near to where we reside—
And I own *I* ne'er thought of the danger,
Her maid caught it from her and died !

So they said—which *does* sound rather fearful—

'Twas a bad and most virulent sort,

But we can but be watchful and careful,

In case of its spreading—in short

Have your daughters ne'er had it? believe me

If I'd guessed this, she should not have come,

But I knew when you said you'd receive me,

You ne'er meant I should leave *her* at home.

I was really afraid Araminta

Was sickening of it to-day,

Not the least ray of colour did tint her

Sweet cheek—not the least faintest ray.

And at breakfast her appetite failed her,

She ate but one small slice of toast,

Then I truly *did* think something ailed her,

And she looked yet more pale than a ghost!

If she should take this dreadful disorder,

What medical men have you near?

Ah! they'll prove of inferior order

To *our Doctor O'Brady* I fear!

And alas! for my poor Araminta,

The season's against her beside,

She'll be laid up here, all the whole Winter,—

'Tis provoking—it can't be denied!

But we'll hope that these symptoms deceive us,

And if not 'twill but be common sense

In your house for some months then to leave us,

And to take your whole family hence!

If we *keep well*, 'twill be most enchanting,

Our daughters such great friends will grow—

And we all for so long have been panting

To pay you this Visit you know.

'Tis a sacrifice, doubtless, we're making,
Such a very long distance to come,
The opportunity though we are taking
Of effecting improvements at home !

Our house wanted great alterations,
'Tis now thoroughly under repair,
From the roof to the very foundations
It required much revision and care.

We shall have to pull down, to my sorrow,
And rebuild the chief parts—and dear friend,
If my husband, constrained is to borrow,
Mr. Marchmont, I'm certain, will lend !

'Tis a very expensive proceeding—
And a tiresome process indeed,
And to *new* expense, still, it is leading,
The more done, the more seems still to need !

And the time that 'twill take in rebuilding !—

I begin in real earnest to fear,
What with painting, whitewashing, and gilding,
At the very least, 'twill be a year !—

Then there's furnishing too, in addition !

We shall never get through in the year !
I half fear we must make our petition
That you'll let us stay all the time here !

Oh ! No, pray—you're so kind and so pressing,
I must turn a deaf ear to you now—
Your entreaties are really distressing,
No !—no !—I'll not listen—I vow !—

I hate nothing so much as encroaching,
No !—I cannot stay on *quite* so long ;
And the season for hunting's approaching,
When I know your friends muster here strong !

Well, indeed, if you'll take *no* denial,
I suppose I must yield with good grace,
But believe me, to me 'tis a trial,
Although 'tis quite a singular case !

I'm convinced that on Earth there's no creature
That hates burthening my friends as *I* do,
It is quite my remarkable feature,
And no doubt you've discovered 'tis true !

'Tis most grievous, afflicting, and odious,
And I ever avoid it with care,
Howe'er it may be incommodious,
'Tis a thing that *I* never could bear !

Some people you see go on staying,
Where you're sure they're not wanted at all,
Daily still their departure delaying,
I have known it at Ragtatter Hall.

But I never would bear or endure it,
'Tis *too* shameful and shocking you know—
And there is but one way left to cure it,
To say that yourself you must go.

But now I must just ask you whether
My room to my girls' rooms is near,
We *must all* be placed *quite* close together,
Though 'twill prove rather puzzling I fear.

And will probably be inconvenient,
(Since your House does not seem over large !)
But pray do be indulgent and lenient !
Four daughters—they are *such* a charge !

I *do* hate from my girls to be distant—
With sad fears it at once fills my mind,
(I may say I'm in all things consistent,
As whilst I stay here you will find !)

My poor husband is terribly gouty,
 But he swears that the air of this place
 Makes him sound now, and vigorous, and doughty,
 And ready to join in the chase !

As we came here we met the hounds running,
 And his joy he could scarcely contain,
 And though hunting he long has been shunning,
 I think *now*, he'll take to it again.

His great weight was, poor man, the chief reason
 That made him forsake it before,
 He has ceased not with each circling season
 His sad *heavy* case to deplore !

But he killed all his horses for ever,
 And 'twas ruinous quite you may think,
 But for this I am sure he would never
 From a sport he's devoted to, shrink !

I ne'er saw him yet look so delighted
As when swept the hounds past in full cry,
'Twas alarming—he seemed so excited,
That I thought in a fit he would die.

Mr. Marchmont I doubt not will mount him
The best of his hunters upon—
And perhaps they will yet have to count him
As the first in some capital run !

He will never give in, I can tell you,
Mr. Marchmont—mark me he'll be first,
And despite his vast weight will excel you,
And show you the way in a burst !

I am told that your stud is quite splendid,
So you'll lend him a hunter each day—
By the time that the season is ended
He will grow a light weight I daresay ;

Oh ! dear !—Oh ! my goodness !—good gracious !—

Why, Johnny ! now what have you done ?—

I declare it is deeply vexatious,

Oh ! *do* look at my mischievous son !

He has brought out our monkey !—how shocking !

(I had given him to Jane in strict charge)

And your china about he's been knocking—

Why how dared you, sir, set him at large ?

In the carriage I left him chained closely,

Since this monkey's a mischievous elf,

And now *you* have thus loosed him jocosely,

Why indeed you're as bad as himself.

Oh ! dear Madam—*pray* do not go near him—

He will bite you to death if you do !—

I have excellent reason to fear him,

For he once bit my arm through and through.

Now what is to be done?—Juliana!

Ring the bell—*what* a noise he *does* make,
Oh! don't stand there and stare in that manner,
Or that fine Dresden set he will break!

What a clattering and chattering—'tis horrid,
Mrs. Marchmont has fainted away,
Eau de Cologne!—quick! quick! bathe her forehead—
Araminta! my salts bottle, pray!

There's the clock gone!—I tremble all over!—
Oh! here *are* the servants—at last—
Mrs. Marchmont will quickly recover,
Her colour is coming back fast!

Ah! what havoc!—how dire a disaster,
I am grieved beyond all I can say—
Yet I hope that both mistress and master
In the house will let poor Jacko stay!

As for *you*, Johnny, go ! I desire you—
You more mischievous monkey ! begone—
For effrontery we all must admire you,
Leave my presence—I order you, John !

Now that riotous boy has departed,
We can hear our own voices once more;
Mrs. Marchmont, you're *too* tender hearted,
No ! such conduct I cannot pass o'er !

And *you*, too, *you* so nervous and frightened !
It was enough to destroy you outright,
But I see that your eye now has brightened,
So I trust you'll recover the fright !

I am sure your head *must* be distracted,
Such a sad invalid as you are !
How outrageously Johnny has acted,
I *could* swoon away *now* I declare !

Ere this strange interruption *so* frightful,
I was going to impart a new plan,
Which indeed would be truly delightful—
We must bring it about if we can !

Anne, my dear married daughter, has lately
Had twins—lovely creatures they say,
Now to meet, would rejoice us all greatly,
Do then send and invite her here pray !

I am dying to see the sweet treasures,
And without *them* of course she won't come,
I do hope you will quickly take measures
To tempt her to bring them from home !

She is very domestic and quiet,
(She's afflicted with deafness you know)
But I think were she only to try it,
Very fond of the World she would grow !

So ask her and her babies I pray you,
I feel sure you will doat on them quite,
And a charming long visit they'll pay you,
Do write off the letter to-night !

Miss Marchmont, I hope you speak German,
Araminta *does* speak it so well,
I can tell you she'll read you a sermon
If she finds that you do not excel !

All my daughters have endless resources,
Any mother in them might feel pride;
By the way—have you good Ladies' horses?
For all of them charmingly ride !

I assure you they're perfect equestrians,
They want nothing *but* horses indeed,
But perhaps *you* are only pedestrians,
Young ladies—and shrink from a steed !

All my girls are accomplished and clever,
And their minds with deep knowledge are stored,
They are thought acquisitions wherever
I take them with me—on my word !

They are subtle and sound Politicians,
And in arguments close are oft tried,
And so sweet are their meek dispositions,
They oft argue against their own side !

For myself, *I* was ne'er a great talker,
But *quite* the reverse—am I not?
Oh ! I think I forgot—here's Miss Walker—
Lucy's Governess—Yes ! I forgot.

You will find her most pleasing and charming,
I rejoice in presenting her now;—
But indeed it is truly alarming,
Your cheek grows so pale, and your brow !

'Tis that horrible monkey's mischances
That you cannot get over, I'm sure,
When your eye at that shattered clock glances,
It brings back all you've had to endure !

By the bye, it would suit us completely
If you would but lend Julia your harp,
For she plays very finely and sweetly,
Though she ne'er knows a flat from a sharp.

Her ear is most sadly deficient,
But that signifies little, they say,
She in truth is a perfect proficient,
Every night she shall sing here and play !

As for Lucy, she's but a beginner,
`But *she* practises much—I believe !—
Will you let us up stairs have our dinner,
If 'tis not *too* much trouble to give.

Let us see what o'clock 'tis—Oh ! shocking !
I forgot the poor clock's dismal plight—
It might seem your mishap I was mocking,
Which would ill become *me*—Well ! Good night !

CHANGES.

IT was a brilliant Summer's day,
Unclouded shone the Sunny ray,
And gaily sang the feathered throng,
The air was all one gush of Song !

Oh ! smiling was that day and fair,
The Rose burnt dark upon the air,
'Twas so transparent and so clear,
And not a wreath of cloud was near.

The Rose burnt dark upon the air,
 (So silvery glancing 'twas and rare)—
 The Atmosphere around ev'n blushed,
 Rose ! with thy glorious shadows flushed.

Ah ! glorious is the Rose full blown,
 All Beauty in its form is shown !
 The South and all its Sun-gifts seem
 Burnt into its deep core, to beam.—

Burnt deep into its deepest heart,
 Not to decline or to depart !—
 Yet, Ah ! how soon in pale decay
 The Rose of Beauty fleets away !

Methought “ no, never yet on Earth
 So bright a day has leaped to birth,
 Never have Earth and Heaven and Air
 Yet been so beauteous and so fair ! ”

The scene had found in mine own Soul
To smile back its enchanted whole,
A mirror stainless and serene
That flung new glory o'er that scene.

For every beauty, clear, and fair,
Redoubled seemed and deepened there,
Another Heaven—another Earth
There quickened into radiant birth.

Oh ! many a lovely Summer's day
Hath shone forth since with smiling sway,
But not o'er me their power retained,
The mirror shattered is and stained !

No longer spreads it smooth and clear,
The Heavens—the Earth—therein appear
But mighty Ruins—changed and crushed,
O'er which a storm-black cloud hath rushed.

And wherefore?—whence this change so dire,
Ah! little boots it to enquire,
Submit in patient silence still—
My Soul—and all thy fate fulfill!

TO —————

I saw thee once, thou fair and lovely thing,
And trembled for thee—such rich gifts will bring
Upon thy fearless and uplifted head,
Those storms of fate, whose terrors still seem spread
Around the loveliest and the best below,
In this probationary State of Woe.—
I trembled for thee—but I trembled more
Because I saw thy brow of Beauty bore
The certain stamp of feelings too refined,
Yea—of too quick a heart—too deep a mind,

Those dark eyes streamed with overburthening thought,
That clear smooth cheek was all too richly fraught
With the warm light—the varying troubled light—
Of kindling Passion-blushes strangely bright—
That came and went—receded now, now rushed
With deeper glow, till thy whole aspect blushed !
I trembled for thee—Since too well I know
What thou art surely doomed to undergo
In this dark theatre of wrath and strife,
This World of trials—this o'ershadowed Life—
To natures sensitive as thine—how stern
Shall seem those lessons, all that live must learn
How bitter those beginnings of distrust
Which must be felt, by all whose life is dust !—
And then, and now, I felt and feel too much—
Most keenly—that Fate harshly deals with such—
Aye ! such as thou—thy very charms appear
To mark thee out for a bright Victim here—
Apparelled proudly as with zealous care,
With costly pomp—as other Victims are.

Oh ! Sorrow singles out things fair as thou,
 With Beauty's living halo round their brow,
 'Mongst her sad train of tearful gloom to be—
 And 'mongst her pale and silent company,
 Thou may'st be loved, fair matchless thing, thou *must*,
 But not in love may Woman place her trust;
 Thou *must* be loved, but Oh ! that very love
 (While thy warm heart shall deeply learn to prove
 Responsive passion) may for thee become
 The worst infliction and the darkest doom.
 Thou *must* be loved, all beauteous as thou art,
 Thou must be worshipped, as a thing apart,
 An idol and a treasure—but alas !—
 That wildest warmest love may wane and pass,
 Not ev'n Perfection can its truth secure
 In this dim life where things infirm, impure,
 Mingle with all of noblest and of best,
 Until too often they corrupt the rest—
 And then, what anguish shall that heart subdue,
 So quick, so warm, so feeling, and so true ?

What fearful pangs shall pierce that lovely mind,
So tenderly and faultlessly refined ?
How shall thine own deep feelings darkly grow
The truest source of suffering and of woe ?
And all thy fair endowments, all thy powers
But make more torturing those long wasting hours
Of heart-sick cold suspense, or blighting fear,
Or pale despair that cannot shed a tear,
Till even thy richest gifts shall seem to be
The heaviest portion Fate hath stored for thee,
'Twas thoughts like these, that crowded on my mind
When first I saw thee artless yet refined,
Gentle but stately in thy lofty grace,
With all thy Soul of Beauty in thy face,
I trembled for thee then and turned away,
Lest that I might those mournful thoughts betray—
I trembled for thee then—I tremble now !
But to recall that bright and beaming brow,
That kindled earnest eye too much inspired,
With rays too ardent and too restless fired—

That glowing cheek whose quick rich blushes past
In dazzling change, each lovelier than the last,
Must make me sighing tremble for thee still
With sad prophetic bodings, deep and chill,
All makes the Heart fear for the future doom
Of one so lovely with Love's dangerous bloom.
Oh ! Earth, how dark, how mournful, must thou be,
Where thus we sigh and tremble, but to see
The fairest and most beauteous things that smile
Thy gloom away, and light thee for awhile.
While thus we sigh, and shudder, but to look
On forms too fair thy stormy hours to brook,
And turn from smiling Loveliness away
To weep o'er coming ruin's certain day.

THE ONLY CHARM.

I SAID unto myself of old,

Now weakling heart—be strong—or still,
Arm thyself well—be calm and cold,
Forget to bound, to heave, and thrill.

A dangerous thing it is to have

A heart so wild, so warm as mine,
I deemed I could all perils brave,
And hope and love and fear resign.

I deemed so, and forbore to shrink

In time from all I most should shun,
Still hovering near the flower-dressed brink
Till heart and hope were both undone.

For Oh ! with feelings keen and warm,
So keen and warm as mine then were,
The only guard, the only charm
Is flight—'tis flight alone can spare !

For through suspense and through alarm,
Which haunt us in Life's clouded night,
The only guard, the only charm,
The only safety—is in flight !

I CAN BUT SAY—I LOVE !

SOME, some may pour their passion forth
In words of rich and feeling worth,
And well express and well explain
The rapture of that costly pain,
And wreak on utterance strong the whole—
Of that sweet madness of the Soul,
And pity raise and feeling move—
And I—I can but say—I love !

Oh ! some in Inspiration's tone
May make their deep emotions known—
And lofty argument and high
Build on their heart's idolatry,
And breathe with burning words of fire
Thoughts, Passion's Soul might well respire,
And soar to starry heights above—
And I—I can but say—I love !

Some may, with full and gushing strains,
Dwell on Love's pleasures and his pains,
Discoursing with elaborate art
On the rich secrets of the Heart,
Pourtraying with consummate skill
Each precious throb—each priceless thrill—
And paint the Passion that they prove—
And I—I can but say—I love !

With streams of glowing eloquence,
With fervid language, and intense,

Some may to all the World, proclaim
 The ardour of their bosom's flame,
 And striking with hand of fire the chords,
 And weave a dazzling web of words,
 (Subtle as those Arachne wove)
 While I—I can but say—I love !

I can but say I love—but sigh
 That sweet truth forth all faulteringly—
 And if I *could* I *would* not seek
 The secret of my Soul to speak !
 Oh ! all who truly love must feel
 Weak language faileth to reveal
 Such Passion as the Impassioned prove—
 And then—they can but say—they love !

Howe'er the eloquent may strive,
 'Tis but the outlines that they give
 Of that deep Truth whose founts amid
 The Soul's own living depths lie hid;

Oh ! never mortal tongue shall tell
The mystery indescribable—
Then still let me, and let the dove,
In murmurs breathe—“ I love—I love !”

INDIFFERENCE.

INDIFFERENCE—in some mood of pride
For thee full often have I sighed,
And deemed Life’s happiest moments were
Ev’n those that owned no love-born care.

And now against suspense I railed,
By which the trembling heart assailed,
Through every pulse feels keener life,
Wrought to one agony of strife !

And now 'gainst racking jealousy
(With scorching tear and choaking sigh)
That hoard up poisons evermore
As doth the bee its honeyed store !

And now 'gainst blushing shrinking shame
That dares not own the heav'n-born flame,
But dwells in silent fear apart
With the whole burthen at her heart !

And still 'gainst these I railed—and prayed
That thou wouldest come unto mine aid,
Indifference—with thy healing balm,
Thy dreamless rest—thy breathless calm.

But when I sought indeed to move
Free from the fettering power of Love—
How beautiful—how bright I found
The chain wherewith my Soul was bound.

Even these worst pangs of fevered pain
That shot like fire through breast and brain,
And racked me with a restless fear,
I felt as Life itself were dear.

Like jewels on a dazzling chain
That each doth Sunlight-hues retain.
Seemed those rich Sorrows then to be,
And could I still wish to be free ?

With none could I resolve to part,
Oh ! wavering weak and yielding heart,
Each pang was precious, and my pride
In the unequal struggle died !

The vain and foolish dream is flown,
Oh ! Feeling—I am all thine own,
Indifference ! hateful, hated state,
Away !—I fling thee from my Fate !

SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

THE throbbing music of that throat,
How softly doth it swell and float,
Lend me, Oh ! lend me that dear note,

Sweet Nightingale !

While thou so richly dost complain,
Surely that Heavenly, heavenly strain
Must soothe, must turn to joy thy pain,

Sweet Nightingale !

Oh ! that it might be so with me,
But gloomy is my minstrelsie,
And bids my sufferings sharper be,

Sweet Nightingale !

For we but ransack Nature still
 For chords that may responsive thrill
 To our own bosom's aching ill,

Sweet Nightingale !

Whilst thou—the voice which Nature gave
 Sufficeth thus from Grief to save,
 Thou hear'st thyself—nor more dost crave,

Oh ! Nightingale !

Nature the eternal balm supplies,
 Thou sing'st—Joy lives—and Sorrow dies—
If in thy breast the famed thorn lies—

Poor Nightingale !

But surely 't was a fable all,
 Thy little heart owns no dull thrall,
 No shadow o'er thy life doth fall,

Sweet Nightingale !

Ah ! surely Bird, no thorn is there,
We seek an echo everywhere,
For our own sigh of human care,
Sweet Nightingale !

And then by chance we make our choice
Of some beloved and blessed voice—
Haply thy song but saith, Rejoice—
Oh ! Nightingale !

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

THE Captive wailed, in mournful strain,
And sought to pour his bosom's pain,
From out its burthened stifled core,
In words of sadness evermore.

The voice of his own bitter grief
 Afforded him a faint relief—
 Though words may not unfold, at least
 They shroud the sufferings of the breast !

And thus he poured his song of woe—
 Oft broken by faint sighs and low,
 And Pity's self had paused to hear
 Ere she had checked a strain so dear.

* * * *

If ever Freedom may be mine on this broad Earth again—
 A glorious recompense shall be the guerdon of my pain,
 For I have learned and deeply too and well to feel and know
 How precious Joy and Freedom are while I have wept in woe.

Of old I gazed all carelessly upon the Earth and Air,
 Nor saw the gracious glories and the boundless beauty there,
 Though thousand lovely things were round, scarce, scarce
 I heeded these,
 Now could I prize the lightest leaf that trembles to the breeze.

The flowers that gild the ground should seem like Stars of

Heav'n to me,

And Oh ! those Stars divine, say, what then, what should
they not be ?

Worlds—Worlds of Beauty—where my thought on Angel
wings might soar,

And with a holier rapture thrill than ere they did before.

And wheresoe'er mine eye might rove, my liberated eye,
Or on this beauteous Earth below or in the beaming Sky,
There should my very Soul look forth, and make the scene
its own,

And seize unnumbered new delights it ne'er before hath
known.

The Universe belongs to those who grasp it and who claim,
And if its empire be not ours, ours surely is the blame,
Each Being born into the World receiveth from that hour
The wide World for his appanage, Creation for his dower !

Since to the conscious eyes that see, and to the ears that hear,
 Heaven gives the treasures of the whole, howe'er it may
 appear,

Not he is blest who saith, "behold ! the gold and gems are
 mine,"

But he who most delighteth still in their resplendent shine !

Sharp Sorrow and Captivity have well my Spirit taught,
 How all this wond'rous World below with wealthiest gifts is
 fraught,

For me if e'er I break my chain, the Lord of Light and
 Day

Shall burn in the illumined Sky with a redoubled ray,

And monarchs, monarchs shall be poor, the captive freed
 beside,

For richer than the richest he, who claims Creation wide,
 And Creosus were a bankrupt near the master of that mine
 Which teemeth with exhaustless stores—o'erflowing Nature—
 thine !

Then shall I feel mine own freed eye an empire can command,

Oh ! talk not of the Student's lore nor of the Enchanter's wand,

We need but look, and all is light—but ask, and all is ours,
Since Heaven hath given us Senses armed with all-sufficient Powers.

* * * * *

And thus, poor Captive, may it be indeed
With us, when from our Mortal fetters freed—
We may be taught in this uncertain life,
So dark with sorrow, and so wild with strife,
With deeper ecstacy of bliss to prize
The Freedom and the Glory of the Skies—
Even Heaven may brighten with redoubled light
To these who long have mourned in Earth's dense Night.

DEPARTED JOYS.

We toil along this weary heavy Waste
With our best joys left in the darkened Past
Far, far behind—Oh ! what wild grief, what pain
This draught of fire which yet we oft must drain,
The thought that never more can be our own,
The dearest hopes and pleasures we have known,
For these are still the earliest—nor can bear
The lightest breath of Life's more bitter air,
When doubt and sin, suspense and freezing fear
Make these fair leaves of fragrance pale and sere,
Those fair but frailest flowers, their life was done
Soon as one cloud came floating o'er the Sun—
Our after joys are harder—and can dare
The unkindly breath of this World's blighting air,

And ev'n survive the shock of storms, perchance,
If yet from time to time one golden glance
Down from the Sun of Hope enkindling shoots,
To warm them to their deep embedded roots—
But Oh ! though fitted to our trying fate,
They are not dear as those more delicate—
Those tenderer and more fragile ones that fade
If but one moment thrown into the shade,
They are the treasured of the Soul, the dear
Beyond all others that may bless us here.
And Oh ! the thought that they ne'er come again
Is as a draught of fire which we must drain
In sadness and in sorrow evermore—
That thrill and rankle in the heart's sick core.
Memory, forbear to bring them thus in view—
The retrospective eye which tears bedew
Hails them too fondly, faithfully for peace—
Oh ! Memory—but *thy* persecutions cease,
Nor come with cruel keenness, to remind
How bright these joys were, which are left behind,

Which never more can gladden us below,
And whose remembrance makes our weal seem woe,
Our present weal, so poor with that compared,
Which in those hours of rainbow-light we shared !
When all was transport—mystery of delight—
And all was ecstasy to Soul and Sight—
Oh ! leave us to the Present, let us cling
To each consoling and each cherished thing,
Nor turn distracted ev'n from Hope away,
Because less bright than on a former day,
Our present pleasures were enough, could we
Forget but those that dwell in Memory.
Farther and farther must we pass from those
Ere yet we come indeed unto the close,
But yet they sadly shine out to the last,
And shed their mournful Beauty o'er Life's waste,
While all our other joys in turn decay,
And leave but graceless wrecks to strew our way ;
Those earliest, loveliest, happiest, dearest, best,
Assert their gentle sway above the rest—

And make our yearning Spirits long once more
To feel that freshness which they felt before,
That glow of confidence, that hush of peace,
That buoyant energy in glad increase,
Which bore them onwards as with wings of fire,
That could not cease to soar—that could not tire,
At least so deemed they, but in vain, in vain,
They faltering fell—and not to rise again !
But when the weary time indeed is o'er,
The time of tears and sighs and sufferings sore—
The Soul shall then regain its long lost youth,
Its strength, its calm, its confidence, and truth—
And joys more pure know then, than it may know
It its first bloom of young delight below !

MINE IS A GRIEF.

MINE is a Grief that time shall scarce make less,
It is indeed a dark and dire distress,
When Thoughts and Feelings strangely still at strife,
Divide us in the Deep of our own Life !

These struggling upwards to their native home,
And those abiding by their Mortal doom,
So the Soul's deepest depths are roused and stirred,
And war for *such* war were too weak a word !

Oh ! heavy, hopeless, and profound distress,
It is indeed the worst of loneliness—
This solitude of separate Thoughts and Wills,
Which with strange doubts the haunted Spirit fills ;

Aye ! lonely 'tis in self-division thus
When 'gainst ourselves ourselves grow mutinous,
When—in the centre of the living Soul
Betwixt our Hopes, such waves, such oceans roll !—

When we are parted with mysterious power,
Even self from self through Life's long torture-hour
As but this inborn feud of Feeling parts—
That plants a Death within our heart of hearts !

It is indeed the dreariest loneliness,
The sharpest strife, the deepest worst distress,
When Thoughts and Feelings with unnatural strife
Divide us in the Deep of our own Life !

THE FADING IMAGE.

Oh ! loved as thou art lovely—to excess—
Why dost thou leave me to this long distress,
This agony of absence—which destroys
All hope, and leaves but memory of past joys.

O'er thy remembered Image still I hang,
It is a pleasure, yet too like a pang—
And in my heart of hearts I watch to trace
The Beauty of thy Form and of thy Face.

But fainter grows that Image day by day,
Not that my love is fainter—but dismay,
And doubt, and weariness, and grief, and dread,
A cloud of gloom o'er brain and spirit spread.

Not that my love is fainter—Oh ! not so,
Its deepest life seems fed by thoughtful woe,
But Memory's skill is weakened by distress—
All is confusion—all is bitterness.

Yes ! hopelessness hath fallen with heavy chill
On Memory's earnest zeal and marred her skill,
A deadly languor, cold and dull and slow,
Hath checked and palsied every effort now !

I see that Image darkening day by day,
And fading, passing, mournfully away,
I seek to arrest it still, the power is gone !
The Eternal effort hath itself undone !

Return ! Oh ! but return to me again—
Give me thyself—and banish fear and pain—
'Stead of this faded Image shadowed o'er—
Give me the bright Original once more !

AND SHALL I LONGER BEND AND BOW?

And shall I longer bend and bow
Beneath a blighted doom,
Nor seek to lift from off my life
This pall of crushing gloom ?

Why, Night herself boasts Worlds of light,
Her frowning Vault to pave—
And roses too are scattered o'er
The stern and shadowy Grave.

And shall unbroken darkness spread
Around me evermore ?
No ! though the dearest hopes be fled
That blessed my Soul before.

Ah ! Sunny World, thou'rt still as bright,
As smiling still art thou,
As when reflected was thy smile
From my once stainless brow !

And clouds have liberty above,
And restless birds below,
While I am prisoned in my pain,
And wound about with woe !

But let me now make others' joys
Unenvyingly mine own—
And try once more to taste the bliss
Which I before have known !

For Oh ! in this wide Sunny World
Deep bliss abideth still,
And they may taste that bliss and share,
Who strive with steadfast will.

And much there is to snatch and glean,
If we but know the way—
And let the glorious light pour in
Upon our clouded day.

Joy—joy is scattered far and wide
O'er all this Earthly scene,
And they may rest in peace and hope
Who long have mourners been.

If but of the Universal Feast
These to partake consent,
Not on a single separate bliss
With selfish spirit bent !

Yes ! I will dash this cloud away,
And fling this gloom aside—
'T was not a hopeless fate that crushed—
'T was selfishness and pride.

THE RETURN TO ENGLAND.

WHITE Cliffs of England ! there ye stand,
Like Angel-watchers round
The one beloved and beauteous Land,
Our Hearts' own Holy ground.

White Cliffs of England ! robed in light,
Your precious charge ye hold,
Dazzling the gazer's gladdened sight,
Now topped with Sunlight's gold.

White Cliffs of England !—Rocks of Home !
I hail your sacred heights—
Crowns ye the Sky like some bright dome
That loveth what it lights !

White Cliffs of England !—Rocks of Home !

I greet you with Love's tears,
To ye shall slave and stranger come
To count auspicious years.

Cliffs of my Country's glorious shores !

Her Ocean bathes your base—
And forth its mighty challenge roars,
That echoeth on through the Space !

Cliffs of my Country ! do ye stand

Round Paradise restored—
A white-robed Guardian Angel band,
Without the threatening sword ?—

White Cliffs of England ! ye might seem

That Heavenly Host sublime
Of Cherubim—while thus ye gleam—
To shadow forth to Time !

FIREFLIES AT MILAN.

BRIGHT lovely things,
Like Stars on wings,
Ye daze the eye
Thus flashing by.

Ev'n brief as bright,
Your life—your light}
Not long may last,
Their prime soon past !

But that is nought,
Things free as Thought !—
To ye who know
Nor fear, nor woe !

Beyond this hour
Ye have no power
To look—bright things—
Like Stars on wings !

In your mid-joy
No dull alloy
Its truth to bound
Can e'er be found—

While free ye play
Each seems a ray
With life instinct,
With rapture linked !

Shot from the Sun,
In joy begun,
In joy as true,
Completed too.

Oh ! revellers bright !
 Your Life is Light !—
 Ye breathe—and blaze—
 Like quickened rays !

TO PAIN.

Why, what is Life but thee ! triumphant Pain ?
 Vast is thy power and endless is thy reign,
 Life seems but one Illusion wild and strange,
 One mystery of perplexity and change ;
 Illusion ?—Aye ! its hopes, joys, blessings all,
 But none, stern Pain, shall *thee* Illusion call,
 Thou bleak and black yet blank Reality,
 The veriest sceptic cannot doubt of thee,
 The mightiest Conqueror can controul thee not,
 Thou art the ruler of our Earthly lot—

Lawgivers are *thy* Subjects—Kings thy Slaves—
Philosophers thy fools—staid Wisdom raves
Like babbling ideotcy on thy keen rack,
When all thy murderous train are at thy back,
Twin-Empires hast thou—thou hast Kingdoms twain,
Oh ! thou Earth-desolating Power of Pain—
The sentient Frame—the conscious Soul of man,
And these have been thine own since Life began ;
By the most thoughtless art thou ne'er forgot,
Sovereign of Life—chief Sovereign of our lot,
Thou art the known, felt, Truth—the Certainty,
The touchstone of Existence, since to thee
The keenest sense of Being still we owe,
Thro' thee, thro' thee, our deepest powers we know—
Capacites of suffering still transcend
The rest by far, and have no bound nor end,
He who becomes thy prey at once he lives
A life, that Nature at our birth ne'er gives—
An animated Universe of strife
Grows his extended and enlarging life,

Without a bourne—illimitably wide,
 By torture's deadly mystery magnified
 A Chaos of quick consciousness—intense
 With every nerve o'erwrought, and every sense
 A Chaos, whose black discord and whose war
 Where all things join and only join to jar—
 Shall ne'er in harmony and order close—
 From ruin and destruction 'tis it grows !
 A Chaos not of Hope but of Despair,
 With stern perdition, but no promise there !
 A Chaos of inextricable Ill
 That shall remain a barren Chaos still,
 And this is thy vile work—thou ruthless Pain,
 Dark uncreator !—with too wide a reign !
 Death, like an Angel, smileth by thy side,
 We court him, as the bridegroom might the bride,
 And pant to rest within that quiet grave,
 Whose sleep from all thine agonies shall save,
 Thou Spirit-crushing Power—all-dreaded Pain,
 Who wide dost spread thine undisputed reign

O'er this still groaning and ill fated Earth,
Which, but for *thee*, gives all her children birth.
But art thou then, the Ruler over all,
Do all indeed stoop meekly to thy thrall ?
Dost thou indeed such boundless sway exert,
Wide, wide o'er th' Universal Frame and Heart—
The helpless Frame to thee must ofttimes yield,
But boasts the Heart no shelter and no shield ?
Oh ! most unworthy thought—it is not so,
(Though vast in truth thy Empire spreads below)—
But Hope, but Faith, but Fortitude, and Love,
How oft have these thine influence towered above,
And taught thee in thy turn an humbler mood—
Faced, dared, confronted, challenged, and subdued !—
Thou wring'st the quivering nerves with fiendish art,
Till very Life appears to come and part
At thy stern will, as though at hideous strife
With threat'ning Death—or e'en as Death and Life
At once were shut within the sufferer's Soul,
Disputing inch by inch the tortured whole—

Torn—riven between them—to its centre wrung
With every pang of every anguish stung,
Or through that Soul thou driv'st thy deadlier fangs,
Not throes corporeal but keen mental pangs.
And yet that Soul at times hath nobly been
Even in such strife in its own self serene !—
In its own self thus martyred and thus made
A scene of ghastly waste—in ruins laid !
And while all Earthly hope was snatched away,
And every feeling thy defenceless prey,
It hath exulted in the holier trust,
Which buildeth not its bulwarks of the dust—
And ev'n the fleshly Form when armed, inspired—
By that All-conquering Soul's proud impulse fired,
Can strengthen its strong nerves and *suffer less*,
Though pang on pang to assail it still may press,
And may e'en fortify itself with zeal
That half forbids the unshrinking flesh to feel,
For sure to shun and to resist is still
But to aggravate the antagonizing Ill !

To arm it 'gainst ourselves—while nerve by nerve
Doth shuddering shrink away, and shivering swerve,
First from the upcoiled contraction must they be
Torn, wrenched perforce in quivering agony,
Then by the mastering throes that crowd in thick,
Pierced, wrung, and thrilled unto the tortured quick !
But when the Victim dares to meet those throes
Half way, at once their keenest power they lose,
The quickened blood bears strength thro' ev'ry part,
Nor curdles sickening round the withering heart—
The mind—the mind can blunt Pain's deadliest sting,
And teach the flesh to brave its suffering—
'Tis as the etherealized—th' exalted Frame
Part of the immortal Spirit then became—
Behold Oh ! Pain, thy dark and direful sway
Disputed thus in Nature's last decay,
By vigourous spirits that know not to bend,
But strive and struggle nobly to the end !
I call thee now no more the unconquered Power,
Though many yield in thy destructive hour—

Our Human Nature can thy might defy,
When keen roused energies their strength supply,
Pain ! countless rebels rise against thy reign,
And challenge thee and all thy fearful train—
Affection mocks thee, and Repentance craves,
The Martyr loves thee, and the Savage braves.

THE HEART'S HOPE.

My heart—apart
Still watch—to snatch
Hope's smile awhile,
The fair—the rare
From sighs arise,
Forget regret,
Disdain thy pain,
Repress distress—

Hope's light shines bright
For all who call
Without weak doubt
On her, nor err—
Nor make mistake,
Nor deem a dream
Her scene, whose sheen
Seems given from Heaven !
That light spread bright
In love above
Our World—close furled
In gloom, one tomb—
Didst thou, ev'n now
Oh ! Hope ! faint droop—
And shun the Sun—
Nor throw thy glow
Thus even, o'er Heaven,
Nor deign thy train
To bring—and fling
O'er Day a ray—

A gleam supreme !
Heart, heart, apart
Now watch to snatch
That smile, whose wile
Can charm from harm,
Can win from sin,
Make fear appear
A thought—a nought—
Ideal—unreal,
And still with skill
Complete, most sweet
The thought, o'erfraught
With dreams—vain schemes—
(And woes that rose
To o'ercloud and shroud
The mind, resigned
To bear with care)—
Soothe down and crown
With blaze of rays
That shine divine.

My heart, now part
With fear, take cheer—
Be strong—for wrong
Are they who say
'Tis vain 'gainst pain
To strive—to drive
Away dismay—
Is 't so?—no—no—
Proud Powers are ours
Would we but be
Unbowed and proud—
And choose to use
Those powers in hours
Of gloom and doom.—
Now heart, that art
So weak—or break,
Or rise from sighs—
And scorn to mourn—
Even so thy Woe,
Disdain, and Pain!—

And dare Despair !
Oh ! meet and greet,
So face Disgrace,
'Twill melt unfeet
If thou but now
At length in strength
Defy—deny—
Nor deign the chain
To wear—the snare
For thee shall be
Ne'er set, though yet
'Twere well to dwell
Girt round and bound
With zeal—to steel
Thy core—once sore
With grief, and chief
To cling—faint thing !
To rocks which shocks
Of waves when raves
The gale, must fail

To rend or bend,
To break or shake !—
No shocks those rocks
Shall make to quake !—
Seas flow below,
Storm-scourged—fierce urged
In foam to come—
While death and wrath
Abound, around—
But Oh ! below
If we can be
But taught—but brought
At last to cast
Our eyes where lies
Our goal !—the Soul
To free from thee,
Oh ! Earth, whose dearth
We own, long known—
(Though long full strong
Its chain remain

Fast wound around
Our hearts—while smarts
With pain in vain
The breast oppressed,)
If we can be
But taught, our thought
To raise in days
Of fear, ev'n here,
In flights, to heights
Of Love above—
And found and ground
Our fair Hope there,
Even we may see
Storms sink, and shrink
That dread, thick spread
Before, even o'er
Our Souls (while rolls
Away from day
Each cloud whose shroud
Had bound it round—

The last—furled fast,
The worst—dispersed !)
And strong among
Earth's woes that close
Still thus round us
Shall we then be—
If so we throw
Our care but there
On High, and try
To grasp and clasp
Those Rocks which shocks
Of storms (whose Forms
Of dread are spread
Around) are found
Too weak to shake.
Oh ! Heart !—your part
Is still to thrill
With love, and prove
The zeal you feel !—
No plaint though faint—

No sigh will I
Allow even now
To shame mine aim—
To chide my pride,
To daunt the vaunt
That fills and thrills
Inspires and fires
My thought, o'erwrought,
And Soul—the whole !—
I will fulfill
My part, and—Heart !
Teach thee to be
(Despite each blight
That may essay
To chill, to kill—
And joy destroy)
A thing whose spring
Ne'er dies, while Skies
Of Love above
Outshine divine—

Whose Light makes bright
This Life of strife !—
Those Dreams—whose streams
Flow free, shall be
No more traced o'er
With clouds, whose shrouds
Of old did fold
Them round, uncrowned—
Of pride—deep dyed
With gloom—dark doom !
No ! plays Heaven's blaze
In light, thrice-bright—
Now round them crowned
With beams and gleams
That gild Life's field,
New given from Heaven !

AUTUMN.

How mournfully I view thy pomp depart,
 Oh ! Nature, yet thou ever glorious art,
 'Tis but a change of glory, and the light
 Of Summer, erst so lovely and so bright,
 Yields to the splendour of these Autumn hours,
 Which turn to living gold the Emerald bowers,
 This change indeed hath its own charms, and dull
 Are they who see not it is beautiful,
 But yet 'tis mournful thus to see decay,
 Though clad in Loveliness, assert its sway ;
 Mournful are these dusk shades that swiftly close
 The shortened day, and brood in grey repose
 O'er all the scene, a little while before
 So rich with rainbow-colouring's dazzling store.
 Oh ! the pathetic Beauty of the Year,
 When flowers forget their bloom and leaves grow sere,

Autumn ! Thou glorious Autumn ! it might seem
Thou wert a Prophetess in passionate dream,
Foretelling to this fleeting World its fate,
This World of brief though of uncertain date,
And crying still “ Decay—Death—Death—Decay”—
To all that breathe and live from day to day.

Sad Autumn, for the pomp wherewith thou’rt clad,
But makes thee seem more exquisitely sad,
The Earthly scene is given thee for awhile,
And vainly dost thou smile thy Sunset smile
As though to check the ruin then begun,
Which thou mayst mask awhile but canst not shun.

In sooth thou dost array the wond’rous scene
With rainbow hues more rich than Summer’s green,
And lend’st the gorgeous colourings of the rose
To things whose life must soon and sadly close,
And sheath’st in burning gold the withered leaf,
And shroud’st in pomp the passion of thy grief,
Sad Autumn ! thou art here, ev’n now thou’rt here,
And ’tis a dazzling World although a drear !

Oh ! melancholy Season—thou art now
 Stamped with a World's decay upon thy brow,
 And drawest near unto thine own, ere long
 Shall Winter reign thy disrobed haunts among ;
 And Oh ! less dreary shall he seem to me
 With all his rough and bleak austerity,
 Than those proud funeral splendours that array
 Thy changeful scene and blazon forth Decay.
 The leafless bough I rather had behold
 Than that which glistens with thy lifeless gold,
 The snow-piled ground than this embroidered floor,
 As though with blazing jewels covered o'er,
 And yet whose radiant and illumined store
 Is very dust and ashes spread in vain—
 When breathes one breeze they're swept away again—
 Winter ! thy barrenness less shocks my sight
 Than this sad mockery of a lost delight,
 Come with thy frowning and o'ershadowing gloom,
 And sweep the pompous gilding from the tomb !

THE WORLD'S TRUE VALUE.

ONCE how I loved this World below,
I trusted it and prized it so—
I laughed when others sighing said,
“ It is a gloomy World and dread.”

I laughed and I believed them not,
So glad and cloudless was my lot,
I thought within my very heart,
Sweet World ! how bright how fair thou art.

I laughed ! and feared no future day,
I nothing knew of Grief's dark sway,
And Pain for me was but a word
Which all incredulous I heard.

How deep and dark a change soon came
 O'er Soul of Light and Thought of Flame,
 Then cried I loud, Grief's veriest slave,
 "Oh ! World !—thou 'rt cruel as the Grave !"

I deemed none could be happy here,
 I thought the smile but masked the tear,
 I cried within mine inmost Heart,
 "Dark World !—how sad a World thou art !"

Those who ne'er look this Life beyond,
 Are mocked thus by illusions fond—
 The truth to them may not appear
 In living beauty—fair and clear.

Now, now, Oh ! World ! I know thy worth,
 I praise thee not—nor blame thee, Earth,
 But oft unto myself I say—
 "Oh ! World ! thou art but dust and clay."

This Earth is not the abiding place
Of man's immortal mighty race—
It is the school where he must learn
Deep lessons oftentimes harsh and stern.

Now, now—the hopes of higher things
Uplift me on their viewless wings,
I walk 'mid Earth's poor vanities,
With heart estranged and loveless eyes.

The treasures of my former trust
I know are ashes all and dust,
But Earth *hath* treasures, and I prize
Those things that feeling sanctifies.

Oh ! Love ! *thy* treasures here can bless
With all but Angel happiness—
And did not one dark shadow fall
O'er thee, thou wert enchantment all.

Did that dread shadow o'er thy path
Not brood in stern unpitying wrath,
Thou wert Heav'n's own beatitude,
But Death hath still thy steps pursued.

Oh ! World !—when others sighing say,
With hopeless tone of grief to-day,
“ A heavy, gloomy World is this,”—
I answer—“ But it leads to bliss !”

Or if, like me in other days,
Some all too fondly lightly praise,
And cry, “ It is a World of joy,”
I warn them 'twill their hopes destroy !

Those, those but in the Present live,
Who think that it is formed to give
True lasting pleasure to their Souls,
Soon breaks the wave that foam-lit rolls.

'Tis not a World of Joy or Grief,
But in its hurried passage brief
Both, both are ever mingled still—
A World commixed of Good and Ill !

The storm hath still its rainbow bright,
A myriad myriad Stars the Night !—
In the sweet South the Death wind blows—
And still the thorn lives with the rose !

Its precious and its fearful things,
Its sweetest and its bitterest springs,
Still joined together oft are found
In strange and startling union bound—

And he who hopes the rose to pull
Nor yet with this the thorn to cull,
Must learn a lesson soon or late,
'That shall crush down his Heart elate !

And he who seeks the rainbow's gleam
In Skies that but with Sunshine stream,
Shall know ere long 'tis storms that bring
That beautiful and blessed thing !

And he who watcheth in the Day
For the rich Stars' ethereal ray,
Must wait until the closing Night
Affordeth their enchanted light !

And he who would expect to inhale
Thou sweet, sweet South, thine odorous gale
Without one drawback to Delight,
Perchance may perish in its blight !

Oh ! World ! from out thine Ill springs Good—
Thy best may be with wrong imbued—
'Tis change and contradiction still !
But, praised be Heaven, 'tis not all Ill !

For who can say—with open Heart—
 “Good is my due and my desert?”—
 Oh! who can say he merits aught
 But Griefs that Man on Man hath brought?

PROUD GRENADE'S CHIEFTAIN LORDS.

CHIEFTAINS! Ye Sons of Fame and Glory!
 Sons of mighty Fame,
 Moorish Chieftains!—speaks your story,
 When men speak your name,
 ’Tis a dark pathetic tale!
 There seems something of stern mystery
 In the mournful fate ye found,
 ’Twas the Poetry of History,
 How—how were ye uncrowned—
 Forth scattered in confusion pale
 Fled the Lords of bright Grenada,
 Proud Grenada's Chieftain Lords!

They forgot—without regretting—

Their dark Sire's old place,

Their Father's Fatherland forgetting—

A transplanted Race—

But 'twas not to be forgot;

From their happy seats and glorious

They were forced to fly,

Banished by a Foe victorious,

With a bosom-bursting sigh

They forsook the enchanted spot,

Crowned by Towers of the Old Alhambra,

By the Alhambra's royal Towers !

Back, back to the Ancestral Regions

Ye were hurried then,

Who seemed a race (ere quailed your Legions)

Of Monarchic Men !—

So you nobly played your parts

While all things under you still flourished—

Art and Science grew—

Emulation's strength was nourished,

Moorish Chiefs, by you !—

But how bowed the mighty hearts
 Of the Monarchs of Grenada,
 Of Grenada's Masters proud !

Loudly rose the voice of wailing,

Many a cry of grief—

Banners low in dust were trailing,

Fallen like Autumn's leaf !

All was horror and dismay ; .

Faint the tecbir-shouts were swelling

Ever and anon

In vain—while Life-blood streams were welling,

And all hope was gone—

While fled their vanquished Lords that day

From the fair Towers of the Alhambra,

From the Alhambra's glorious Towers !

Oh ! the gloom—the desolation—

The anguish and the woe—

'Twas the death-stroke of a Nation—

Fell and fiery blow !

Allah !—'twas a fearful day.—

Weep o'er the Empire's dark declining—

(Weep—weep burning tears —)

O'er whose throne the Sun rose shining

Full Seven hundred years.—

Then wrenched was the Old—the Imperial sway

From the Sovereigns of Grenada—

Proud Grenada's Sovereign Lords !

Their great pomp—their palaced splendour—

Earth's most dazzling boast—

They were destined to surrender—

All was left—and lost !—

Came the conquering thousands on

Through paths and places of their glory,

Darkened and disgraced,

Breathless, dust-defiled, and gory,
Through the streets they paced,
To where the Palace crescents shone
O'er the emblazed Domes of the Alhambra,
O'er the Alhambra's sumptuous Domes !

What brave heart but then was breaking
In that day of doom—
Fair Grenada's streets forsaking—
Shadowed o'er with gloom !
Those were desperate, desperate hours !
Afric then, once more possessing,
Her proud children, mourned—
To her dusky bosom pressing
Those who scourged—returned—
Royal Chivalry's bruised Flowers
Once Liege Lords of strong Grenada,
Proud Grenada's Warrior Lords !

Their state, their pride, their strength departed—

Crossed they then the Sea,

Sighed in vain the valourous hearted—

Such was Heaven's decree—

Such Heaven's dread and strong command,

But while rolls in might victorious

The great stream of Time—

Stand their monuments—all glorious

Monuments sublime—

On the Spaniard's soil thy stand,

The old Towers Imperial of the Alhambra,

The Alhambra's many-clustering Towers !

Since that, stern European Morning,

Which crushed Afric's race—

They have towered on high adorning

Their proud ancient place

Fair—and glorious still to see—

And in dazzling pomp unfaded

Still may they outshine—

Though the crowned heads they o'ershaded

- Low in dust recline—

Though deserted must they be—

The Chiefless Castles of Grenada !

Proud Grenada's Kingless Courts !

'The old crowned Liege Lords, whose dread Dominion

Stretched forth, far and wide—

These soared upon the Eagle's pinion

But to vail their pride !

How froze Life's currents in their veins !—

How while still on Earth remaining

Must they have deplored

Their palmy state—triumphant reigning

'Mongst those Bowers adored—

Scattered o'er the Elysian Plains,

O'erhung by Towers of Old Alhambra—

By the Alhambra's Heaven-kissed Towers !

OLD NORWAY.

Old Norway rises up to war,
 The Signal-summons free and far
 Arouses all her fair-haired Sons,
 The dauntless and the Mighty Ones !

The embattled rocks—the emblackened woods—
 The gusty hills—and roaring floods—
 These too might well appear to share
 In stern Old Norway's marshalled war !

But blackened woods—and battled rocks—
 And bellowing torrents' startling shocks—
 Thundering defiance and command—
 These cannot guard—nor save a Land.

'Tis Love's unconquerable heart
 That plays on Earth a Godlike part—
 Mightier than thunderbolt and brand—
 That makes invincible—the Land !

TRUE STRENGTH.

YES ! we walk, Earth, uncertain and afraid,
 Encompassed round about with gloom and shade,
 And still in sorrow and in shame we cry
 “ Out upon this abhorred uncertainty ! ”
 But Oh ! these wearying doubtings, this distrust,
 While yet we are but dwellers in the Dust,
 (While yet our Earthly journey we pursue)
 Human misgivings, human faulterings too,
 These prove our Strengths, our Sovereign Strengths, if these
 Teach us to strive with outstretched hand to seize
 On that Almightiest Rock of Aid above,
 Which Mercy hath vouchsafed to us—and Love !
 Yes ! those who in the depth of self-distrust
 Contemn their own vain powers, with scorn most just,
 Shall find, 'mid all the griefs of mortal doom
 That very helplessness and doubt become
 The source of their most Kingly Strengths—if still
 A sage and steadfast part they here fulfill !
 Oh ! what a solace shall the weary find,
 Their minds reposing on the All-Knowing Mind !

BRITOMART.

OH ! Britomart loveliest !—Oh ! loved Britomart !
Unto me yield thy virgin and innocent heart,
For the smile of thy lip is to me more, far more,
Than the treasures that heap El Dorado's rich shore !

Oh ! Britomart !—beautiful, bright Britomart !
'Tis for thee that I bear Love's deep, Soul-piercing smart ;
The least knot that hath on thy gemmed stomachere lain,
Is more precious to me than all guerdon and gain !

Thou art far from me now—thou'rt the pride of the Court,
Where the great and the gay and the gallant resort,
And a crowd of young lovers there sigh in thy train,
For I know where *thou* art—Love for ever must reign !

Let the Court-gallants flatter—the Court-nobles swear—
 Let the Court-minstrels praise thee—thou first of the fair !
 'Tis afar from the Court that with fond faithful breast
 Mourns the poor contemned Lover who loves thee the best.

Ever fairest art thou, in Hall, Palace, and Bower,
 In the garland of Beauty thou 'rt still the chief flower ;
 Thou 'rt the Queen of the Lovely !—Oh ! deign but to prove
 For the sake of thine Arnulf, the Queen too of Love !

No ! I feel 'tis all hopeless—I know 'tis in vain—
 Thou look'st scornfully down on my prayers and my pain,
 Then away to the wars—let me give unto fame
 My bright, tyrannous Ladye's too dearly-loved name !

Where'er shines the fair Sun, or the quartered Winds blow,
 I will make men the pomp of thy beauty to know,
 Where'er blow the free Winds, where'er Sunlight doth shine,
 All mankind will I make sighing Lovers of thine !

I will build such a Pyramid—mighty and proud—
To thine honour, Oh ! Ladye !—my Sovran avowed !
All of passionate hearts fired with dreams of thy charms,
That e'en *thou* shalt say “ Praised be his zeal and his arms !”

All Europe, and Asia, and Afric shall share
In the passion I boast of—the penance I bear—
The World shall throb high with one deep mighty heart—
And *that* shall but beat for the adored Britomart !

Then perchance with a late, but a precious remorse,
Thou mayst turn to thine Arnulf—to arms ! then—to horse !
Oh ! that thought is enough to uphold, and inspire,
Still the hand is all strength, when the heart is all fire !

All the wide World shall ring with *my* love and *thy* fame,
Tens of thousands shall echo my sighs, and thy name
And that World shall henceforth have but one burning heart,
And Oh ! *that* shall but burn for the adored Britomart !

TELL ME, SWEET SPRING !

TELL me, sweet Spring ! thy tale,
Thy joyous tale and bright,
Sorrow and memory pale—
These should from *thee* take flight !

Thy dear Interpreters,
Cuckoo and soaring lark,
How their rich language stirs
Sense, heart, and spirit—hark !

Hark ! how they fill the air,
Deeply with their delight,
Oh ! let us chase vain care—
Bid weary Grief take flight !

Tell me thy tales of joy,
 Spring—golden glorious Spring,
 Hope shall my heart rebuoy,
 Fear shall ere long take wing !

Thou tell'st of mighty things—
 Bright and enchanted Time !—
 Hasten—Oh ! Spring of Springs !
 Season of Heaven sublime !

Every flower withered here,
 Then shall be found once more,
 All lost things—bright and dear—
 Shall *Heaven's* Spring-time restore !

And these glad vernal hours
 Tell us, while fast they flee,
 How fair 'mid deathless bowers
 Thou—Spring of Heaven !—must be !

THE HUSH OF NIGHT.

THE Hush of Night!—the Majesty of Stars!
How do these chide our secret bosomed wars,
Oh! who can look from troubled Earth to Heaven
Nor feel how much they have to be forgiven!

While thoughts strike thoughts—as spears strike spears—to
bring
Wild jars—vain flashes—but no worthier thing,
Say, dare we think these strifes that never cease,
Can please the Almighty Author of all Peace?

